THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

It was evident to the great man who commanded the department of the West, that he could not linger in Tennessee, he was doubtless able to successfully resist the force under General Buell which had now occupied Nashville, but it was well known that none of the force occupied in the reduction of Donelson had ascended the river. With unlimited supplies of water transportation, nothing was easier than for them to pass round the peninsula, and ascending the Tennessee River, land a force in his rear and place him in the same dilemma from which he had just so skillfully extracted his army. A retreat behind the Tennessee was inevitable and the strategical position he occupied at Murfreesboro opened to him three routes. He might pass over to the turnpike road, from Nashville, through Columbia and Pulaski, parallel with the railroad, and cross at Florence, or throwing himself into the mountain passes of Eastern Tennessee, in their wild gorges and rugged ravines he might defy pursuit, and retreat upon Chattanooga. This however, would have been a virtual abandonment of the Mississippi and its valley. Still a third route was open. Due South from Murfreesboro, ran a road through a comparatively unfrequented country, passing directly through Huntsville to Decatur, on the Southern bank of the Tennessee River. While this route offered the advantage of a middle course between the two great lines of macadamized roads east and west of him, enabling him, in case of necessity, to pass over to either; it was not without objections. Lying, for the most part, through cultivated and deep bottoms, on the edge of Northern Alabama it rises abruptly to cross the great plateau thrown out from the Cumberland Mountains,

here nearly a thousand feet above the surrounding country, and full forty miles in width, covered with dense forests of timber, yet barren and sterile in soil, and wholly destitute of supplies for either man or beast. Two weeks of unintermitting rain had softened the earth until the surface resembled a vast swamp, but along this route the Commander-in-Chief determined to pass, and after occupying a week in reorganizing his army, a cloud of cavalry, consisting of Morgan's Squadron, the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, the Texas Rangers, Wirt Adams', Scott's and Forrest's regiments were thrown out in the direction of the enemy, with orders, as they fell back, to burn the cotton and destroy the bridges; and the further retreat thus commenced.

History records no example of a retreat conducted with such success under such adverse circumstances. Rain continued to fall almost without intermission—it was spring—the season most unpropitious for transits over country roads, and the passage of such numbers of horses and wagons rendered the route literally a river of liquid mud. For miles at times the wagons would be submerged in ooze and mire up to the hubs of their wheels, while the saturated condition of the earth rendered comfortable encampments impossible. The ascent of the plateau, although only about two miles of distance, consumed a day for each brigade, and time was everything to men in their condition, yet steadily, earnestly, hopefully they toiled on until on the 10th of March the head of the army had reached a point within three miles of Decatur, but with the Tennessee swollen far beyond its banks, flooding the country for miles in every direction, and sweeping with resistless force over the roads and fords.—Happily at this point the Memphis and Charleston railroad crossed the Tennessee, and as a precaution against its freshets the railroad company had constructed an embankment fifty feet in height and two miles in length on which were laid their rails—this embankment was still ten or twelve feet above the surrounding waters, and reached to the terminus of the bridge. Its narrow width of seven feet precluded the possibility of anything like orderly movement, but over it were passed the infantry and cavalry without cessation either day or night. The artillery and baggage wagons were placed on platform cars, and at a given signal the track was cleared while they were run to and over the bridge. Patience, perseverance and indomitable will finally accomplished the work, and on the 16th the Kentucky brigade, bringing up the rear of the army, marched through Decatur. A month had elapsed since the fall of Donelson, but the army was at last behind the Tennessee and all was not yet lost.—Still the danger was not yet over. The enemy commanded the river and might, by vigorous movements, prevent the junction of the army of central Kentucky with that of General Beauregard, which had fallen back from Columbus, in Kentucky, and was now endeavoring to unite with that un-

der General Johnston. In truth it seemed that if the enemy was prompt and vigorous in his movements, this would be impossible. The Memphis and Charleston railroad runs nearly due east and west, pursuing for ninety miles an almost parallel course with the Tennessee river, never diverging from it more than twenty miles and in many places approaching to within eight or ten. Numerous streams, which drain the country and empty into the main river were crossed by it, and on the margins of these streams are almost invariably found swamps requiring heavy trestle-work to support the rail. A little celerity on the part of the enemy might at any hour enable him to destroy a section of this trestle-work, and thus cut off the communication.—To transport the army by the country roads was impossible, the torrent-like rains which had impeded the progress of the army through Tennessee had continued to fall after the passage of the river. In many places the country was covered with sheets of water too deep to be forded, while the roads not thus submerged were impassable for horsemen. It was difficult for the various corps to pass far enough from Decatur to find encampments. Within a mile of the town might be counted scores of wagons on the various roads sunk to their beds in mire, and which the quagmire of oozing earth around them prevented the possibility of unloading. Hindman's brigade of Arkansas troops was thrown forward by rail to Courtland immediately. Crittenden was pushed beyond him to Iuka, and on the 21st the Kentucky brigade, under General Breckenridge, was dispatched, with its field pieces, ammunition and baggage, to Burnsville within 15 miles of Corinth by cars, while the horses and wagons were sent to struggle through as best they could on the dirt roads.

The remainder of the army was gradually pushed on to Corinth, meeting there the army of Beauregard, and confidence and hope were once more restored. The danger of an immediate surprise was over, but the greatest vigilance was necessary to meet and prevent the enemy from landing in force, and by strength of numbers, accomplishing that which he had failed to do by celerity of movement. For several days his gunboats swept up and down the Tennessee River, shelling the banks and apparently seeking a favorable point to disembark from his transports. The little village of Eastport, situated some eight miles from Iuka, it was supposed, offered him peculiar advantages, and preparations were made to resist him by throwing up earthworks and placing in position two thirty-two pounders. He continued, however, to make feints, landing a few regiments at various points, but almost immediately withdrawing them; until information was received which convinced the Commander-in-Chief that the attack of the enemy would be on Corinth, where is located the junction of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, with the Charleston and Memphis railroad. Meantime, the greater portion of the division of General

Crittenden, composed of Statham's brigade and Bowen's brigade was sent forward, to Burnsville, and ordered to report to General Breckinridge. Hindman's force had passed on to Corinth and was now incorporated with, and formed part of the corps d'armée of General Hardee. Scouts were kept constantly reconnoitering the roads leading to the Tennessee River; and vigorous efforts made to bring the army to a high state of efficiency in discipline and equipment. The enemy, it was now known, had landed seven divisions of his army, amounting to about forty-two thousand men, at a point on the Tennessee River, near Pittsburg Landing, and was now encamped in position, his right resting on a small stream called Owl Creek, and his left on Lick Creek, the streams running nearly parallel to each other, four miles apart. To meet and crush this force, or cripple it before General Buell, with his army, which was advancing through Tennessee, could reinforce it, was the object of the Commander-in-Chief, preparatory to which, his army was re-organized and cast into four divisions or corps.

The first, under General Bragg, consisted of 9,422 men.

The second, under General Polk, numbered 4,855 men.

The third corps was commanded by General Hardee, 15,524 men.

And the reserve, consisting of the Kentucky brigade, Statham's brigade, and Bowen's brigade, amounted, according to the returns in the Adjutant General's office, on the night of April the 5th, to 6,894 men, commanded by Brigadier General John C. Breckinridge. The cavalry amounted to three thousand.

"OUR LEFT."

From dawn to dark, they stood,
That long midsummer's day!
While, fierce and fast,
The Battle-blast
Swept rank on rank away!

From dawn to dark, they *fought*,—
With legions swept and cleft!
And still the wide,
Black battle-tide
Poured deadlier on "Our Left!"

They closed each ghastly gap!
They dressed each shattered rank!
THEY knew—how well!—
That Freedom fell
With that exhausted flank.

Oh! for a thousand MEN!
Like these who melt away!
And—down they came,
With steel and flame!
Four thousand, to the fray!

They leaped the laggard train—
The panting *steam* might stay—
And down they came,
With steel and flame—
Four thousand to the fray!

Right through the blackest cloud
Their lightning path they cleft!
And Triumph came—
With deathless FAME—
To "Our" unconquered "Left!"

YE! of your Honor sure!—
YE! of your "Cause" bereft!—
Honor, WEEP the "Brave!"
WHO died to save
Your ALL—along our "LEFT."

THE LOST DISPATCH.

THE Historian must be conversant with his subject, patient in the investigation of facts, impartial in weighing conflicting statements, unprejudiced, dignified, and truthful. The lack of any one of these qualities is fatal. Hence it has happened that during the twenty-three hundred years since the "Father of History" wrote his nine books, there has only been found here and there a name deemed worthy to be dignified with the noble title of Historian. Hence it has happened that of the millions of histories poured upon the public in this long interval, only one, here and there, has come down to our time.

Nor is it difficult to see the cause of this failure.

The history of mankind has been little else than a history of the wars that have desolated countries and wasted human life. These could, of course, only be intelligibly described by those who understood military language and military movements. We could not expect one to write a treatise on jurisprudence, who was ignorant of the phraseology and the principles of law. We could not expect one to lecture on the proper treatment of disease, who had never studied chemistry, anatomy, physiology and their associated branches. We would be shocked at the presumption of him, who should attempt to proclaim the truths of the gospel without having studied the Bible. We would laugh at him, who would attempt to write a description of a naval combat without even understanding nautical terms. At the close of the Mexican war, a distinguished authoress, who wished to write its history, held a consultation on the subject with an officer, who subsequently held a high rank in the Federal army. He said to her frankly, "Madam, I know not what obstacles genius may enable you to surmount. For my own part, I would not attempt to write a naval history without understanding the alphabet of naval science. *You* may be able to write a military history without understanding the alphabet of military science."

The world is not so complaisant, and it always expects that those, who *first* describe battles by land and sea, shall understand, at least, the nomenclature of war. The more *general* historian may abridge the details thus furnished and incorporate the abridgment with the social, religious, political and literary annals of the nation, whose history he is writing.—Thus Thucydides was a distinguished soldier. Xenophon had an important command in the memorable retreat of the "ten thousand." Cæsar, the historian, was also Cæsar, the greatest captain of his age. Sallust, the historian, was a member of the military family of Cæsar.

Even Gibbon was a profound student of military science, and was two years and a half in

military service. When we wish to read something valuable, touching the wars of Napoleon, we take up the history of General Jomini, the Napoleon au Tribunal de Cæsar, the Dispatches of Wellington, Napier's Peninsular War, &c., — books written by military men, understanding the subject of which they treat. So for an account of a particular battle, as Waterloo, we may be entertained by the vivid description of the great French novelist, but we look for authentic facts to Gneisenau, Beamish, Jones, &c. Thus too, in our own first great rebellion, we rely upon the statements of the loyal Tarleton and the rebels Greene and Lee. As they wrote about what they saw with their own eyes, or knew of their own personal knowledge, we feel sure that their dates and events are correct, though a partisan coloring may be thrown around the latter. Therefore, their books have lived, and will live, while the sensational stories of mere book writers have perished long ago.

The general history of the second American rebellion must be a most difficult task, since three millions of men were called out on one side, and about half a million on the other. 'Tis a stupendous undertaking to comprehend fully fifty gigantic battles, and two hundred lesser combats of no little magnitude. The reports of regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies, must be read and digested, and how many thousands of these there will be! Next, the histories of each, and of all these bodies of men must be read and digested. (At present, not one in a thousand has been written.) Next, the archives, of the respective Governments at war, must be carefully studied, that their policy may be understood in projecting certain campaigns, which culminated in certain great battles. It is plain that if this vast material was all gathered together and placed before the general historian, he would have a work of many years in collating, weighing, examining, rejecting and digesting. It is equally plain that if either the material is wanting, or the patient and intelligent investigation for years is wanting, the book may pay the historian, but it will never pay the reader.

If we wish the history of our Confederate struggle to be correctly written, we must encourage the writing of the histories of the smaller commands,—regiments, brigades, etc., etc. General Longstreet has made a move in the right direction in selecting a competent officer to write the history of his corps. Let each corps commander do the same thing. The writers so selected would exert themselves to draw out the histories of the subordinate commands, and would, at any rate, get all the official reports of the subordinate commanders in their respective corps. From the several corps histories in any one army, (as that of Northern Virginia) the historian for that army may gather his materials and write his book.— And from the histories of the several armies, the general historian may gather the materials for the history of the whole—combining

with the military, the civil and political annals of the period of war.

Should the proper interest in this subject be excited among our people, the corps historians might hope, in four or five years, to get the subordinate histories, from which their own could be compiled. This is all that we can expect in this generation. The general history must be the task of our descendants. Perhaps in a quarter of a century, when the passions and prejudices evoked by the war shall have subsided; some calm, dignified, impartial man of learning, industry and ability, may gather together the materials furnished in the manner suggested, and from them produce a truthful history of the great rebellion. The wisest statesman of the South has well said that this is not the age for the history of the Confederate struggle.

We suppose no one will question the correctness of the principles we have laid down, or deny that the qualities enumerated above are essential to the historian. But measured by this standard how immeasurably will all the war-books yet produced fall short! Most of them have been written by civilians ignorant of the first rudiments of military science, who never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, and to whom the strategy of a campaign and the tactics of the field are alike incomprehensible. One of these writers is a civilian, who exalts to the skies a certain division for its gallantry at Gettysburg and attributes the disaster there to the cowardice of a certain brigade, and yet the cowardly brigade lost more men than the heroic division! Another writer, (a clergyman) in his biography of a noble partisan officer, has to describe the movements of Jackson's corps, in which there were many North Carolina soldiers. But the whole volume contains but one allusion to the brave soldiers from that State—"here the 21st N. C. regiment suffered heavily." At the very time this clergyman was composing his book at Winchester, Va., the Memorial Association of that city were inviting Gov. Vance of North Carolina to address them, and giving as a reason for their invitation that their Cemetery contained more graves of soldiers from North Carolina than from any other State—a fact which might be said of every burying ground in Virginia.—The wise reader will throw aside as worthless, books bearing the marks of prejudice and partiality, as well as of ignorance of the subject. What shall be said then of the historian, whose chief merit, it is claimed, consists in his prejudice and partiality? The "Old Guard" for November, under the editorial head, says of Mr. E. A. Pollard: "He is partial, prejudiced, dogmatic, determined—*the very man to write contemporaneous history.* He represents evidently the thoughts, hopes and passions of a particular set, and when the materials he gives are used by the future writer of history, there is no danger of their receiving more than their proper weight. *He does not in the least attempt to disguise his prejudice, or conceal his hatred.* His dislike of Jefferson

Davis is particularly plain. It is like part of his style. It crops out in every direction." (The italics in the extract are our own.)

This is certainly strange doctrine. Unfairness has never before been commended as an excellence in any writer, and surely least of all in the historian.—"Truth is in order to goodness" is a well-known maxim of Lord Bacon; and when the competency of the author is not in dispute, he is valued just in proportion to our belief in his honesty and truthfulness.

Mr. E. A. Pollard, though an ardent advocate of the war, was, we believe, never under fire, and we might question the ability of a man to describe *all* the battles of the four years' struggle, who was never a witness of *one*. But we do not propose to discuss his competency, and will confine ourselves to exposing his prejudices and his inaccuracies. It has been the desire of the Editor of this Magazine not to obtrude upon his readers the part he himself acted in the war, but as Mr. E. A. Pollard has made certain statements with reference to him, which are matters of general and not merely of personal interest, he thinks there is no violation of good taste in replying through his own columns. To prevent misapprehension, he will drop the Editorial *we* and speak in the first person.

Believing that life was too short to be wasted in reading a history of the war, a quarter of a century in advance of the time, when a truthful history could be written, I had not read a single line of the "Lost Cause," by Mr. E. A. Pollard, and did not know until very recently, when my attention was called to it by a friend, that in speaking of a dispatch from Gen. Lee at Frederick, Maryland, addressed tc me, which was lost by some one, he used the following language:

"A copy of the order directing the movement of the army from Frederick had been sent to D. H. Hill; and this vain and petulant officer, in a moment of passion, had thrown the paper on the ground. It was picked up by a Federal soldier, and McClellan thus strangely became possessed of the exact detail of his adversary's plan of operations."

I will make upon this extraordinary statement of Mr. E. A. Pollard three remarks.

First. The harsh epithets which he applies to me are unworthy of the dignity of the historian, and prove a prejudiced state of mind.

Second. If I petulantly threw down this order, I deserved not merely to be cashiered, but to be shot to death with musketry.—And it seems strange that Gen. Lee, who ought to have known the facts, as well as Mr. E. A. Pollard, never brought me to trial for it. 'Tis still stranger that Mr. Davis, nearly a year after the alleged occurrence, promoted me to a Lieutenant-Generalcy, and sent me to command a corps at Chickamauga.

Third. If Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot prove this statement by trustworthy eye-witnesses, who saw this petulant act of throwing down the dispatch, he could be convicted of slander in any respectable Court of Justice in

Christendom. *But there is not the shadow of truth in his charge*, and he has therefore perpetrated a gross and unprovoked slander.

General McClellan states that a dispatch, of General Lee, directed to me was found near Frederick, Maryland, and that he gained most important information from it. There can be no doubt then, that such a dispatch was lost.—But it is obviously unfair to assume that a paper with my name on the envelope was necessarily lost by me in person. Might it not have been lost in Gen. Lee's own office? Might it not have been dropped by his courier in carrying it to me? As the Adjutant is the keeper of all orders, might it not have been lost by my Adjutant? Who has the right to assume that the loss was through my own carelessness? Who, without evidence, can presume to charge me with throwing it down in a fit of passion? I challenge Mr. E. A. Pollard to produce a single witness, who saw the act.

There are some circumstances which will satisfy any unprejudiced mind that I am not responsible for the loss of the dispatch.

My division was the first to cross the Potomac, which it did at Cheek's ford, upon a verbal order, and with no knowledge whatever of the object of the expedition. We crossed one afternoon about 3 o'clock, and were engaged till the same hour the next day in destroying the Chesapeake & Ohio canal. I then learned that Gen. Jackson had crossed and wished to see me. After a rapid ride, I found him at the head of his division examining a map held by Captain (afterwards Colonel) E. V. White, who still lives. He said, "You have been placed under my orders, I wish your division to join me, to-night, near Frederick." I returned and brought up my division that night. General J. was disabled the next morning by his horse falling back upon him, and I was put in charge of the corps. I rode forward and joined Captain White's scouts, and together, we crossed the bridge over the Monocacy, and went first to the telegraph office. For the next two or three days, we drew all our supplies and received all our orders through General Jackson. It seems to me very improbable then, that General Lee would send an order directly to me.—*Official etiquette required it to be sent through Jackson, and if the celebrated order of Sept. 9th (the one McClellan found) was not sent thus, it was in violation of usage. I have the certificate of my Adjutant (who is still living) Major J. W. Ratchford, that no order ever came to the division from General Lee. I have no recollection of any myself.* But I have in my possession now (and it has been shown to many persons) a copy of this very lost order of Lee, which is in General Jackson's own handwriting. He did not trust it to be copied by his Adjutant, and with like care, I carried it in my pocket and did not trust it among my office papers. It was right and proper that I should have received this order from Jackson, and from no one else, and I have no recollection of getting one

from General Lee's office direct. My Quarter-master, Major John D. Rogers, (now residing at Middleburg, Virginia,) writes to me that while at Frederick, he received all the orders in regard to his wagon train, supplies, &c., through Gen. Jackson's Quartermaster. It seems to me utterly incomprehensible that all orders should have come through the usual official channels, except this one, the most important of all.

There is a mystery about this order, at Frederick, which would seem to indicate that there was something wrong in the manner of transmitting it, or treachery in the persons carrying it. General R. H. Anderson commanded an independent division (unlike mine in that respect) and yet he received no copy of the celebrated order. He writes to me that he is perfectly sure of this, and Gen. Chilton (Chief-of-Staff to General Lee) is equally certain that the order was sent to all the Major Generals.

But without attempting to unravel the mystery, I will content myself with pronouncing the charge of Mr. E. A. Pollard to be wholly untrue. It will be difficult for that gentleman to explain *why I preserved with so much care, Jackson's copy of Lee's order, and threw away so contemptuously the order itself, coming directly from the Head-quarters of the Army.*

I first heard of the lost dispatch and the unkind comments made upon it by some pen-and-ink warriors, when I was on my way from the Department of North Carolina to defend Richmond from the attacks of troops coming from Fortress Monroe to capture the Confederate Capital, during the absence of Lee's army in Pennsylvania. As part of Mr. E. A. Pollard's history was written during the war, it may be that while I was risking my life for the defence of Richmond he, secure in his office, was penning this most unjust and unprovoked slander.

I next heard of this aspersion upon me when I was at Chattanooga, just before the battle of Chickamauga. Fearing that there might be a stain upon my memory, if I fell in the approaching battle without some explanation of the mystery, I wrote home that the copy of Lee's order, which governed me in all I did while in Maryland, could be found among my papers, having been sent home by a private hand while we were encamped on the Opequon. It was found precisely as indicated. As my statement made after the battle was very generally copied, it seems strange to me that Mr. E. A. Pollard never saw it.

I will next examine the allegation that the loss of the dispatch was a serious damage to the Confederate cause. It will not be difficult to show that it was just the reverse. The celebrated order of Lee is in these words:

"The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. Gen. Jackson's command will form the advance, and after passing Middletown, with such portion as he may select, take the route beyond Sharpsburg, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by

Friday morning, take possession of the B. & O. R. R., capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry.

"General Longstreet's command will pursue the main road as far as Boonsboro, where he will halt with the reserve, supply and baggage trains of the army.

"General McLaws, with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson, will follow Gen. Longstreet, on reaching Middletown, will take the route to Harper's Ferry, and by Friday morning, possess himself of the Maryland Heights, and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Cheek's Ford, ascend the right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Loudoun Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning Key's Ford on his left, and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with Gen. McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy.

"General D. H. Hill's division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the same road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery, ordnance, and supply trains will precede General Hill.

"General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson, and McLaws, and with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army, and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind.

"The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws, and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the Army at Boonsboro or Hagerstown.

"Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons for the use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, &c."

Now observe the cautious order does not give the composition and strength of our forces. It speaks of Jackson's "command" without naming the divisions of which it was composed. Thus, A. P. Hill, Early, and Starke,—division commanders—are not mentioned. So, likewise, it speaks of Longstreet's command, without naming Hood, Jones, or Evans (division commanders.) McClellan simply learned from it that Lee had divided his army, sending part to capture Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry, and leaving Longstreet and myself to guard the mountain passes, parks of artillery and wagon trains.

McClellan would have been the most inefficient of generals, could he not have gained that information in a friendly country from his own scouts and spies.

He tells us too, that he learned of the leaguer of Harper's Ferry by the roar of artillery some days before it fell. A staff officer of McClellan (Colonel Abert) informs

me that the firing was heard on the Catoctin (Harper's Ferry) before the Federal army left Frederick. McClellan's cavalry and scouts were surely active enough to inform him that a portion of Lee's army was *not* at Harper's Ferry, even if the country people (generally Union men) gave him no information. The important fact gained by finding Lee's order was, that Lee had divided his forces; in every other respect, the order mystified and deceived him. I have too much respect for McClellan's administrative ability, which was of the highest order, to believe that he could not have gained this *one* fact without Lee's order in his pocket. The merest blunderer, at the head of an army, could learn that much about his antagonist. Even Banks, or Butler, or poor Schenck could have organized cavalry and scouts to be efficient enough to discover that a portion of Lee's army was in front, while the roar of his cannon was heard far off towards Harper's Ferry.

Notice that Lee's order was calculated to deceive McClellan in two important particulars. 1st. It taught him to believe that Jackson would not go to Harper's Ferry. But that active officer, after the capture of Martinsburg, hastened to Harper's Ferry and took an important part in its reduction. 2nd. It taught him to believe that Longstreet was at Boonsboro, just at the foot of South Mountain, whereas he was at Hagerstown, 17 miles from South Mountain, when the battle began at the latter place, on the morning of the 14th September. To this false information is doubtless due the salvation of the Southern army. Had the battle of Boonsboro (or South Mountain) been lost early on the morning of the 14th, our army would have been cut in two, the whole of our artillery and vast wagon trains (parked in the valley beyond Boonsboro) would have been lost. Probably the sun of the Confederacy would have set on that day. It is scarcely probable that we could have ever supplied the loss of such immense materials of war.

My division had been reduced by battle, marches, want of shoes, &c., from 22,000 to 5,000 men, and I had several miles of mountain passes to guard. McClellan had 80,000 well-armed, well-equipped and well-trained soldiers. He could have crushed my little *squad* in ten minutes, but for the caution inspired in him by the belief that Longstreet was there.—Lee's order deceived him, too, about Jackson's whereabouts, and doubtless the apprehension, that that ubiquitous partisan had returned from Martinsburg, as directed by Lee's order, and which he had time to do, made McClellan still more guarded in his approaches. Certain it is that my little handful repelled his attacks with ease until 3 P. M. At that hour, a Serg't. Major in one of Rodes' regiments (a Northern man by birth) deserted to the enemy and asked with astonishment why they were so cautious, as only a few thousands were holding the passes.—The attack upon us was now made with some vigor, but in the mean time Longstreet's troops had

come up, and though utterly exhausted by their forced march, they aided in maintaining the position till after night-fall. We then withdrew without losing a gun, a wagon or an ambulance.

Mr. E. A. Pollard is pleased to call the battle of Boonsboro the Thermopylæ of the war, and he pays a merited tribute to my gallant division. Nowhere in the war were such tremendous odds encountered. The few, who stood on that mountain top on that bright Sabbath morning, were the bravest of the brave, and the vast masses of the enemy sent no chill of terror to their hearts. Amazement at the feebleness of the assault of the immense hosts, and not fear, was the predominant emotion in their minds. But while even to this day, the recollection of their courage and devotion sends a thrill to my heart, candor compels me to say that they could not have resisted for ten minutes, the tremendous odds against them, had not the Federal Commander been paralyzed by the false impression derived from that very dispatch, the capture of which he deemed so important a prize.

In going to Harper's Ferry from Martinsburg instead of returning to Boonsboro, General Jackson acted on his own responsibility and in violation of Lee's order. McClellan, misled by that order, no doubt, thought Jackson at Boonsboro. His great caution then was due to the natural error, (into which he had been led by using the order as his guide,) that he was fighting Longstreet and Jackson, when he was only fighting my small force. It was this error which saved Lee from destruction; and in the inscrutable Providence of God the loss of the dispatch prolonged the Confederate struggle for two more years.

I have shown, 1st, that the charge of Mr. E. A. Pollard of my having thrown down Lee's dispatch in a fit of passion is a gross slander: 2nd, that it was proper that Lee's order should have come to me through Jackson and that I have still in my possession Jackson's copy of that order: 3rd, that if Lee's order was sent to me directly, neither myself nor Staff know any thing about it: 4th, that the loss of the order was a benefit and not an injury to the Confederate arms. There are living witnesses, who can substantiate all my statements, while Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot produce a single person, who saw the act which he slanderously ascribes to me.

Men are notoriously bad judges of their own characters, and it is therefore useless for me to say that I think that my gentle accuser is mistaken in pronouncing me to be vain and petulant. But I must believe that the eminent historian himself has similar characteristics. It does seem to me that it savors somewhat of vanity for a penny-a-liner for the Richmond press to sit in judgment upon Confederate President, Cabinet, Congress and all the civil dignitaries of the land, and like Jove on Mount Olympus hurl his thunderbolts at them all. It does seem a little vain for a man, who never saw a single battle-field to attempt to describe so many hund-

reds of battles, and tell what were the errors in the conduct of them all. It looks very much like vanity for a man, who does not know the alphabet of military science, to criticise officers of every grade, from the Commanding General to the lowest subaltern. In fact, I think that it would be great presumption in Mr. E. A. Pollard to criticise the military career of one of Lee's corporals or drummer boys.

As for petulance, bless my life! it is amazing that Mr. E. A. Pollard can bring the charge against any one, when his book is nothing but one big mass of petulance against Mr. Davis and all others, who have incurred his petulant displeasure.

I have received a large number of letters from Southern officers, pronouncing Mr. E. A. Pollard's book to be a libel upon history. Among these writers, are the men the most honored at the South. One of them (a full General) has sent an elaborate and a crushing review of that blundering and prejudiced volume, which claims to be a history. I do not believe that a single respectable officer or soldier can be found, who will pronounce it accurate, reliable, and trust-worthy.

I will now show that Mr. E. A. Pollard is either too prejudiced or too inaccurate to be relied upon as a historian. I will confine myself to the battles in which I, myself, was engaged, because I know more of them than of any others, and because I wish to prove that he has shown a personal dislike to me, inconsistent with the grave character of the historian.

In referring to the battle of Seven Pines, Mr. E. A. Pollard says: "Through the thick woods, on marshy ground, in water in many places, two feet deep, Longstreet's regiments moved on, brushing off occasionally a cloud of skirmishers that disputed their passage. As they came upon the enemy's works, a sheet of fire blazed in their faces. It was sharp, rapid work. Some of the regiments crept through the low brush wood in front of the redoubt, and at a given signal from the flanking parties, made a rush for the guns, cleared them, and entering pell-mell into the earthwork, bayonetted all who opposed them." Where did Mr. E. A. Pollard stumble upon all this stuff? Longstreet did not have a single regiment engaged in capturing Casey's earth-works. They were carried by my division without any support whatever—the first instance in the war, so far as I know, of the storming of earthworks. The enemy attempted to retake his works, and Longstreet sent me R. H. Anderson's brigade, which behaved most nobly, and a few detached regiments, which were not engaged. That night, Longstreet sent up all his division, and next day (June 1st,) sent me also Huger's division. I thus had the immediate command of three divisions on that day, and received no orders from any source whatever. That night, we withdrew by Longstreet's order, because the attack on the Nine Mile road had failed, exposing thereby our flank and rear.

Rodes' brigade was the first to occupy Casey's intrenchments,

though he did not lose so many men as G. B. Anderson, or Garland. The flanking parties gave no signal, no guns were cleared, (a new term in military science!) and no Yankees were bayonetted. I am sorry to spoil Mr. E. A. Pollard's fancy sketch.

Four divisions were selected by General Lee to turn McClellan's right flank on the Chickahominy. They were commanded by Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill and myself. McClellan cast all upon the chance of success at Gaines' Mill, and lost. It was this battle which hurled McClellan out of his intrenchments before Richmond, and drove him to the shelter of gun-boats, on the James river. Surely then no truthful account could be given of so important an action, which does not tell of the part played by each of the four attacking divisions. But Mr. E. A. Pollard does not mention my division at all in connection with this great fight! Was its role in the great drama so insignificant that the historian could pass it over in silence? I think not. The charge, which it made across an open field, a fourth of a mile wide, raked in flank by a battery, and torn in front by numerous batteries and thousands of rifles, was never surpassed in gallantry. The French Princes on McClellan's staff state that the Federal army was first broken on its right flank—just where my division attacked. Gen. Garland, one of my brigade commanders, in his official report thus speaks of the charge across the field. "The effect of our appearance at this opportune moment *upon the enemy's flank*, cheering and charging, decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated." Gen. R. E. Lee, (who ought to be as good a judge as Mr. E. A. Pollard, as to who should be mentioned and who should not) thus alludes to this decisive charge.

"D. H. Hill charged across the open ground in his front, one of his regiments having first bravely carried a battery, whose fire enfiladed his flank. Gallantly supported by the troops on his right, who pressed forward with unfaltering resolution, he reached the crest of the ridge, and after a sanguinary struggle, broke the enemy's line, captured several of his batteries, and drove him in confusion toward the Chickahominy, until darkness rendered further pursuit impossible."—General Jackson, under whose eye my division fought, pays it a still more handsome tribute. If Mr. E. A. Pollard had not read Lee's and Jackson's reports, when he wrote his book, he failed to get that information, without which he should not have attempted to play the part of the historian. If he had read them, and omitted altogether to notice one of the four divisions engaged in the most important battle of the first three years of the war, he must have done so through a prejudice unworthy of the historian. He may take either horn of the dilemma.

In the biographical sketch with which Mr. E. A. Pollard *honors* me, he charges me with attacking prematurely at Malvern Hill.—The truth is that I obeyed Lee's signal and advanced, but those on my right and left did not. Gen-

R. E. Lee ought to be as good a judge of my conduct as Mr. E. A. Pollard. In his report of Malvern Hill, Lee says:

"A general advance was to be made at a given signal. On the left, D. H. Hill pressed forward across the open field, and engaged the enemy gallantly, breaking and driving back his first line; but a simultaneous advance of the other troops not taking place, he found himself unable to maintain the ground he had gained against the overwhelming odds and numerous batteries of the enemy."

Who is right, Mr. E. A. Pollard in calling my attack premature, or Gen. R. E. Lee in saying that it was made at the appointed signal?

There is a very curious instance of Mr. E. A. Pollard's prejudice, in his account of the battle of Sharpsburg. Gen. Lee was pleased in his report of that battle to compliment some personal exertions of mine, at the most critical period of the fight. He says:

"The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundreds of men belonging to different brigades, rallied by Gen. D. H. Hill and other officers."

Mr. E. A. Pollard, in speaking of the same imminent crisis, says:

"The heavy masses of the enemy again moved forward, being opposed only by four pieces of artillery, supported by a few hundreds of men, belonging to different brigades."

Mr. E. A. Pollard copies Lee's report verbatim till he comes to the personal compliment and then he flies off at a tangent! Well does the "Old Guard" say of Mr. E. A. Pollard: "He does not in the least attempt to disguise his prejudice or conceal his hatred!"

The most remarkable instance of Mr. E. A. Pollard's inaccuracy, through either ignorance or prejudice, is to be found in his account of the operations preceding the battle of Chickamauga and of the battle itself. I believe that this was the bloodiest battle of the war, and one of the greatest in modern history. I commanded one of the four corps engaged on the Confederate side. It was longer engaged and suffered more proportionally than the other three. It had for its Major Generals those noble heroes, John C. Breckinridge and Patrick R. Cleburne. Its Brigadiers, its Field and Company Officers, its rank and file were inferior to none in the world. The high reputation of its officers, the unblemished record of its soldiers, the glorious part taken by it in the action—all these entitled its Corps Commander to consideration enough to be correctly reported. But Mr. E. A. Pollard makes but two allusions to me and these are both egregious blunders. In speaking of an order from General Bragg to attack a detachment of the enemy in McLe More Cove, Mr. E. A. Pollard says:

"The attack was delayed; a day was lost, and with it the opportunity of crushing a column of the enemy; and, when Hindman, with whom Gen. D. H. Hill had contumaciously refused to co-operate, and who had therefore to await the junction of Buckner's com-

mand, was at last ready to move, Thomas had discovered his error, retreated to the mountain passes, and thus rescued the Federal centre from the exposed position in McLe More Cove."

Now there is not one word of truth in the statement that I contumaciously refused to co-operate with General Hindman. General Bragg intended to surprise the enemy at daylight on the morning of the 10th of September, and designated Cleburne's division of my corps to co-operate with Hindman. I was aroused just before day on that morning by my Chief-of-Staff, Col. Archer Anderson, (now living in Richmond, Va.,) who showed me Bragg's order, and called my attention to the extraordinary fact that it had been four hours and three-quarters from the time of its issue, till its reaching me. I carried it to Gen. Cleburne, (whose division was ordered to move) and found him sick in bed. Two of his regiments were absent, the roads were heavily obstructed with timber in his front, cut down by our forces, and requiring hours to remove them. Some of his troops would have to march nine miles; some, thirteen miles; and others, fourteen miles to reach the point of junction with Hindman. He said to me, "as it is impossible to execute the order, it would be foolish to attempt it." I promptly notified Gen. Bragg of the state of things and he selected Buckner's division to take the place of Cleburne's, as Buckner was nearer to Hindman and had no obstacles to encounter. Bragg, in his order to Buckner says: "Gen. D. H. Hill has found it impossible to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division." What Gen. Bragg calls *impossible*, Mr. E. A. Pollard calls *contumacious*. It would seem that General Bragg ought to be as good a judge of contumacy as Mr. E. A. Pollard, and he certainly was too strict a disciplinarian to let an infraction of orders go unpunished. When he wrote his official report of the battle of Chickamauga, his feelings toward me were not kind, but he was too just a man, even to insinuate any reflection upon my conduct.

Not content with putting this absurdity in one book, Mr. E. A. Pollard, repeats it in his "Lee and his Lieutenants," with the addition that on account of this McLe More Cove affair, I was relieved from duty with the Army of Tennessee!! I did not know this *fact* before I saw it in Mr. E. A. Pollard's book, and doubtless it will surprise General Bragg as much as myself.

As General Hindman had been arrested, by General Bragg, for this McLe More Cove affair, and as there was a probability of misapprehension and misstatement, I applied to General Cleburne for a paper setting forth his recollection of my interview with him. I append his letter dated 15th October, 1863, a little more than a month after the occurrence, when his recollection was fresh on the subject.

"I remember very distinctly the morning of the 10th September last, on which you received orders to unite with Gen. Hindman at Davis' X Roads, and at-

tack the enemy at Stephen's Gap. On that morning, two of my brigades, less two regiments, were stationed at LaFayette, Georgia; the third was on Pigeon Mountain, holding Catlett's Gap, Dug Gap, and Blue Bird Gap. The two absent regiments were of Polk's brigade, had been holding the fords of the Tennessee River and had not yet rejoined from detachment. To have united my division (or rather the portion of it at La Fayette, and the Gaps,) at Dug Gap, would have taken several hours—in addition, my information from our cavalry was that Dug Gap was heavily obstructed with fallen timber, which it would take a considerable time to remove. Davis' X Roads, the point of junction with Hindman, was between nine and thirteen miles from LaFayette, and more than fourteen miles from Catlett's Gap, via LaFayette, the only practicable road then known to us. I learn from Colonel Archer Anderson, that the order for the movement was received by him at 4½ a. m., on the 10th ult., and the time specified in the order for the junction with Hindman at the Cross Roads was that same morning. With these facts before me, *I am convinced that Gen. Bragg's order could not have been carried out, and that the contingency existed which* (under the terms of the order itself,) *made it your duty to postpone the movement.*"

Gen. Cleburne's letter is now before me and I have given every word of it, *verbatim*, the italicising, however, is my own. It will be seen that he says that General Bragg's order could not be carried out, and that under the circumstances, it became *my* "*duty* to postpone the movement." It is well known that Gen. Cleburne was a very rigid constructionist of orders, and that no man in the Confederate service, more strictly obeyed his orders to the very letter. But General Cleburne pronounced the non-compliance with the order a *duty*. Mr. E. A. Pollard calls it "contumacy!"—Whose opinion is the most valuable, that of the great soldier, who poured out his heart's blood for the Confederacy, or that of Mr. E. A. Pollard, who never saw a battle-field? On a question of military duty, and military etiquette, the opinion of Gen. Cleburne ought to be as valuable as that of Mr. E. A. Pollard.

The other allusion to myself by Mr. E. A. Pollard is an insinuation that the delay in attacking on the morning of the 20th September was due to me. If Mr. E. A. Pollard had read the official reports of Generals Bragg and Polk, he would have known that the insinuation was unjust. If he had not read them, he ought not to have attempted to write an account of the battle. But, although Mr. E. A. Pollard has been studious to avoid all reference to me (save in this unfair insinuation,) a comparison of his account of the battle with my official report of it will show that he has followed my report very closely and has gained many of his facts from it! I am constrained, therefore, to attribute his unfairness to malice and not to ignorance.

I will now close by a reference

to the sentiments of my corps towards myself. This may seem to savor of that vanity with which my gentle accuser charges me.—But as I have been silent on this subject for four years, the candid will attribute a reference to it now to the desire to repel slander and not to unworthy egotism.

The Major Generals of my command, Breckinridge and Cleburne, went to Mr. Davis and made an earnest appeal to him to retain me with the Army of Tennessee, and accompanied their request with flattering references to my services. After my connection had been severed with that Army, those two noble officers sent me, of their own motion, letters full of regret for my separation from the corps and of kind appreciation of my character as a soldier. And after my return to the east, the surviving Brigadiers of the corps sent me similar letters. Even Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot cast the suspicion of interested motives upon tributes paid under such circumstances. The writers had been with me in camp, on the march and on the battle-field, and it is reasonable to suppose that they could form as correct an opinion as Mr. E. A. Pollard in his snug office at Richmond "snuffing the battle from afar."

It has given me no pleasure to expose the blunders, inaccuracies, prejudices and misrepresentations of this burlesque upon history.—But having earnestly attempted to do my duty to my native country in the hour of her sore trial, I am not willing that my reputation should be blackened and my name made odious among my countrymen, through the malice and unfairness of one, who encountered no dangers, endured no hardships and suffered no privations for that "Lost Cause," of which he so presumptuously claims to be the historian.

I am still less willing that the glorious services of as gallant a division and as gallant a corps as the sun ever shone upon, should be ignored, slurred over, or feebly reported because the commander of the division and corps is not in favor with the eminent historian!

The private soldier can gain no laurels to adorn his own brow.—He identifies himself with his regiment, his brigade, his division and his corps, and the reputation and glory of each become his own. A slight to the command is felt as keenly by the private as by the general officer: aye, more! for the officer has his individual distinction, which the private has not. A wrong to a corps, division, or lesser body of men, is a wrong to all the private soldiers thereof, and it is the more unpardonable when done through malignity towards the commander and in the sacred name of truth and history.

WE WILL WAIT.*

But ere we bound the victims to the altar,
Or sacrificial fire above them flamed,
We gave our love for one brief, glorious moment,
The rights which trampled nature loudly claimed.

One wild embrace, one quick, convulsive pressure,
Two souls united in one clinging kiss,
Beneath the influence of whose blinding sweetness,
Our spirits reeled in ecstacy of bliss.

I gave that kiss, my darling, thrilled with pity,
And love and pain, well knowing while we live,
That to your lonely, ever-yearning spirit
That little kiss was all that I could give.

No words were uttered, for all words were useless;
Our raptures ran beyond all human ken.
Each fathomed to the plummet's utmost sounding,
Through depths of feeling never reached till then.—

And never since—be sure of that, belovéd!—
The thought falls soft as dew on sun-scorched flowers—
Whatever joys have been taken from us—
Whatever blessings, this the best, is ours:

Each one to each was what no other had been,
Nor ever could be. Each to each revealed
The deepest mysteries of our complex natures,
Henceforth from others thrice securely sealed.

Eyes gazed in eyes and read supernal secrets—
Soul unto soul celestial knowledge brought;—
We reached the utmost bound allotted mortals,
And reveled in a realm past human thought.

All in one moment of material measuring,
Though centuries of feeling filled its space.—
That attribute of our grand Source was granted,
That much in common with the ærial race!

* Concluded from page 242.

I broke the spell: 'All now is over, darling.'
And you replied in hoarse and hollow tone:
'All but the right of loving—that is ours!'
'And Heaven!' I whispered. Then you stood alone.

Alone with your great sorrow!—God is gracious!—
I trust His gentle Angels brought relief.
I hid myself within my close locked chamber,
And wrestled in a woman's weakness with my grief.

Then laid it in its grave—heaped stones upon it,
Encased my features in pride's iron mask,
Rang for my maid, and seeming just awakened,
Impatient, bade her hasten to her task.

She did it well.—The mirror's polished surface
Gave back a woman, men called wondrous fair,
Decked in a robe of fashion's costly shaping,
With diamonds glittering over breast and hair.

They gleamed and glowed with flashing scintillations
Of crimson flame, so rare and highly prized;
I looked upon them in their mocking splendor,
And thought them tears by suffering crystallized!

Oh! what a theatre this hollow world is,
And with what matchless skill we women play!—
I joined my guests the very queen of pleasure,
And led the revel gayest of the gay.

You found me centre of a brilliant circle,
And told in courtly phrases brief and few,
Your sudden summons and enforced departure,
Then bowed, held out your hand, and said adieu.

Within your outstretched palm my fingers nestled,
As light as snowflakes, for an instant's space.
I said: '*Bon voyage*—we shall miss you greatly—
Good bye, Lord Manfred,'—smiling in your face.

Smiles on the velvet lips so late your playmates—
Smiles in the liquid eyes you called your stars—
Bright, beaming smiles of one, who knew no sorrow,
And all the while, beneath my bosom's bars,

My torn and tortured heart was moaning fiercely
Like some caged creature stung with lash and thong,
And as you vanished through the curtained doorway,
One struck the prelude of a promised song!

Sublime in strength, I sang the *Miserere*,
And singing, grasped my silk-draped side so tight,
Clutching and wringing with such cruel pressure,
That livid bruises stained its surface white.

Ere many days, by aid of cooling unguents,
The black bruise faded from the tender skin;
Long years have passed, but never balm, nor healing
Has soothed the blacker bruise, that lies within!

God loves us all, His weak, created children,
Helps us to seek the right and shun the wrong;—
Tempers earth's plow-shares into Heaven's falchions,
And out of suffering makes us grow so strong!

You went into the world and on Fame's temple
Engraved your name in letters deep and clear;
I did my duty and fulfilled my mission
With equal strength in woman's smaller sphere.

Each stands a conqueror in life's bitter battle;
The years fling laurels as Time speeds them on,
And none suspects that 'neath the glistening garland,
We wear an ever-pointed crown of thorn.

God knows it all! He with supreme compassion,
Will one day bid the constant torture cease,
And to our bound and sorely stricken spirits,
Will utter welcome mandate of release.

Oh! darling, then with seraph spring exultant,
Our souls with earth's transgressions all forgiven,
Shall claim each other and in endless union,
Prove the full meaning of what we call Heaven!"

ALBERT NYANZA.*

During the five years of the disastrous war, vainly waged by the slaveholding States of North America, for the establishment of their political rights, and the maintenance of their lawful possessions; that war in which all sympathy with the noble southern master, the benefactor of his inherited slaves, was lost in the mad desire for their emancipation which possessed the mistaken philanthropists of the free States and of Europe; a noble-minded, unprejudiced and enlightened Englishman, was engaged in exploring the centre of Africa; not for the interests of the black tribes, through which his difficult route was pursued, bnt for those of science, which filled him with a noble ambition, defying all obstacles, and leading to a triumphant success.

This noble Englishman, Samuel White Baker, the first successful explorer of the "Great Basin of the Nile," of whose existence we of the blockaded South knew nothing, returned successful from his stupendous and perilous INDIVIDUAL undertaking, in the same year that witnessed the utter failure of our *national*, stupendous and perilous undertaking, in which an unaided and blockaded people contended with the forces, the prejudices and the *ignorance* of the rest of the civilized world. The book, which he has since published, and which has at last reached our conquered and impoverished and disgracefully oppressed country of the late Southern Confederacy, is full of interest to all classes of readers; but most especially so to those whose intimate relations with the transplanted African for so many generations, as master and slave, clothe those parts of the work (to which we confine the present notice,) treating more particularly of the character and habits and customs of the African in his native country and normal state, with an interest that can hardly be felt by any other class of readers.—We propose to make a few extracts from this work for the benefit of those less fortunate than ourselves, who have not had access to it, and we hope thus to introduce it to that very limited number of readers among us, who can still afford to purchase an expensive book. It must be borne in mind that no Southern gentleman more thoroughly abhorred the slave trade and slave traders than does our Englishman, but this, while it adds weight to his opinions and inspires confidence in his representations, does not disqualify him for judging fairly of the negro character; and in treating of the effects of emancipation one is so startled with the correctness of his conclusions as to suppose, but from the recent date of the work, (1866,) that he must have had the benefit (?) of our own terrible experience. We may well apply to the sincerely zealous abolitionists of all countries who have consummated such a stupendous injury to the white race, the black race,

* Great Basin of the Nile, and Exploration of the Nile sources, by Samuel White Baker. London. Macmillan & Co. 1866. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

and the once teemingly productive, now waste regions of our still beloved southern country, over which only the willow and the weeping cypress may now wave, the agonized exclamation, "Father! forgive them. They know not what they do."

Baker's expedition is one of perhaps unparalleled magnitude when we consider that it was undertaken by an unassisted individual, at his own cost and peril, with no other object than the advancement of geographical science. This success was the only reward he anticipated, and the Victoria medal, which was awarded to him during his absence, and before it was even known that his efforts had been more successful than those of his predecessors, fully satisfied his ambition. His only companion was his wife, who, he tells us in the beautiful preface to his narrative, "followed him, weary and footsore, through all his difficulties, led, not by choice, but by devotion;" and not the least interesting and beautiful passages of this narrative, are the unobtrusive words in which he so naturally, and as it were, involuntarily gives expression to his appreciation of her high womanly qualities. The dedication, the preface, and the introduction to the narrative are all worthy of the work they inaugurate, which in our confessedly incompetent judgment, we think perfect in its kind—free from all egotism, or tedium, or unnecessary detail, and full of sprightliness, spirit, good humor, graphic, yet unlabored description, justice and right feeling. We feel impressed as we follow his simple narration of his difficulties, his dangers, his narrow escapes, his determined resolution, and fearless demeanor under the most appalling circumstances; that this man is a noble specimen of the highest type of the human race. The book is finely illustrated from drawings taken on the spot by this accomplished and all accomplishing explorer, but we must not allow our admiration of the man and what he has done to deprive our readers any longer of the promised extracts.

We will begin with the closing sentence of the introduction, and follow this by the opening of the first chapter:

"I offer to the world my narrative of many years of hardships and difficulties, happily not vainly spent in this great enterprise: should some unambitious spirits reflect, that the results are hardly worth the sacrifice of the best years of life thus devoted to exile and suffering, let them remember 'we are placed on earth for a certain period, to fulfill, according to our several conditions and degrees of mind, those duties by which the earth's history is carried on.'"

"In March, 1861, I commenced an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, with the hope of meeting the East African expedition of Captains Speke and Grant, that had been sent by the English Government from the South, *via* Zanzibar, for that object. I had not the presumption to publish my intention, as the sources of the Nile had hitherto

defied all explorers, but I had inwardly determined to accomplish this difficult task, or to die in the attempt.

"From my youth I had been inured to hardships and endurance in wild sports in tropical climates, and when I gazed upon the map of Africa, I had a wild hope, mingled with humility, that, even as the insignificant worm bores through the hardest oak, I might, by perseverance, reach the heart of Africa."

The reader may see something of the man from these two sentences, and we must now beg him to imagine all the vast preparations for the ascent of the Nile completed, and our travelers fairly started on the voyage, with boats, beasts of burden, and such attendants as he could obtain, the description of one of whom we will take from his journal under date January 7th. "My black fellow, Richarn, whom I had appointed corporal will have to be reduced to the ranks; the animal is spoiled by sheer drink. Having been drunk every day in Khartoum, and now being separated from his liquor, he is plunged into a black melancholy. He sits upon the luggage like a sick rook, doing minstrelsy, playing the rababa, (guitar,) and smoking the whole day, unless asleep, which is half the time: He is sighing for the merissa (beer) pots of Egypt. *This man is an illustration of missionary success.* He was brought up from boyhood at the Austrian Mission, and he is a genuine specimen of the average results. He told me a few days ago that 'he was no longer a christian.'"

On the 23rd January our travelers reached the Austrian Mission station of St. Croix, and delivered a letter to the head of the establishment, Herr Moorlang, "who acknowledged with great feeling that the mission was absolutely useless among such savages: that he had worked with much zeal for many years, but that the natives were utterly impracticable. They were far below the brutes, as the latter show signs of affection to those who are kind to them, while the natives, on the contrary, *are utterly obtuse to all feelings of gratitude.* He describes the people as lying and deceitful to a superlative degree; *the more they receive the more they desire, but in return they will do nothing.* * * * * "It is a pitiable sight to witness the self-sacrifice that many noble men have made in these frightful countries without any good results.—Near to the grave of Baron Harnier," (a Prussian nobleman who had perished while trying to save a native from the attack of a wounded buffalo, which native characteristically fled, leaving the Baron to his fate,) "are those of several members of the mission, who have left their bones in this horrid land, while not one convert has been made from the mission of St. Croix."

These extracts need no comment, though we feel sorely tempted to make some—no "Uncle Toms" there?

There was a pet monkey belonging to Mrs. Baker, attached to the expedition, named Wallady, which proved to be of some service in passing through a tribe of savages, who became rather trouble-

somely intent upon extracting articles of value from among the baggage. "The crowd now discovered an object of fresh interest, and a sudden rush was made to the monkey, which being of the red variety from Abyssinia, was quite unknown to them. The monkey being far more civilized than these naked savages, did not at all enjoy their society, and attacking the utterly unprotected calves of their legs, Wallady soon kept his admirers at a distance, and amused himself by making insulting grimaces which kept the crowd in a roar of laughter. I often found the monkey of great use in diverting the attention of the savages from myself. * * * * He was so tame and affectionate to both of us that he was quite unhappy if out of sight of his mistress, but he frequently took rough liberties with the blacks, for whom he had so great an aversion and contempt, that he would have got into sad trouble at Exeter Hall. Wallady had no idea of a naked savage being 'a man and a brother.'"

He reaches the Latooka tribe, living in the more elevated country east of the Nile, and says of them: "Although the Latookas were far better than the other tribes that I had met, they were sufficiently annoying; they gave me no credit for real good will, but they attributed my forbearance to weakness. * * * * "Nothing is so heart-breaking as to be so thoroughly misunderstood, and the obtuseness of the savages was such that I could never make them understand the existence of good principles;—their one idea was power;—force that could obtain all—the strong hand that could wrest from the weak. In disgust I frequently noted the feelings of the moment in my journal—a memorandum from which I copy as illustrative of the time.

'"1863, 10th April, Latooka: I wish the black sympathizers in England could see Africa's inmost heart as I do, much of their sympathy would subside. Human nature, viewed in its crude state, as pictured among African savages, is quite on a level with that of the brute; and not to be compared with the noble character of the dog. There is neither gratitude, pity, love nor self-denial; no idea of duty; no religion: but covetousness, ingratitude, selfishness and cruelty. All are thieves; idle, envious and ready to *plunder and enslave* their weaker neighbors."'

We will conclude our extracts with one longer than any of the preceding, without fearing to weary our readers, who will be struck with the author's wonderfully just appreciation of the negro character, as we of the Southern States have had such ample opportunities of learning it. The good points enumerated had such a favorable field for development, under the admirable system of slavery that existed among us—a condition, we contend, absolutely necessary for the well-being of the negro—that of subjection to a superior race;—that it required the demoralizing effects of emancipation to acquaint us with those traits that we were before ignorant of—the vile features that two short years

of freedom, and of what our oppressors affect to consider *equality*, (bah!) have sufficed to develope so profusely.

"The black man is a curious anomaly, the good and bad points of human nature bursting forth without any arrangement, like the flowers and thorns of his own wilderness. A creature of impulse, seldom actuated by reflection, the black man astounds by his complete obtuseness, and as suddenly confounds you by an unexpected exhibition of sympathy. From a long experience with African savages, I think it is as absurd to condemn the negro *in toto*, as it is preposterous to compare his intellectual capacity with that of the white man. It is unfortunately the fashion of one party to uphold the negro as a superior being, while the other denies him the common powers of reason. So great a difference of opinion has ever existed upon the intrinsic value of the negro, that the very perplexity of the question is a proof *that he is altogether a distinct variety*. So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws, and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every *community to which he may unhappily belong*. When the horse and the ass shall be found to match in double harness, the white man and the African black will pull together under the same *régime*. It is the grand error of equalizing that which is unequal, that has lowered the negro character, and made the black man a reproach.

"In his savage home, what is the African? Certainly bad, but not so bad as white men would (I believe) be under similar circumstances. He is acted upon by the bad passions inherent in human nature, but there is no exaggerated vice, such as is found in civilized countries. The strong take from the weak, one tribe fights the other—do not, perhaps we in Europe? These are legitimate acts of independent tribes, authorized by their chiefs. They mutually enslave each other—how long is it since America, and *we ourselves*, ceased to be slave-holders? He is callous and ungrateful—in Europe is there no ingratitude? He is cunning and a liar by nature—in Europe is all truth and sincerity? Why should not the black man be equal to the white? He is powerful in frame, why should he not be exalted in mind?

"In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand—it promises fruit but does not ripen; the negro man has grown in body, but has not advanced in intellect.

"The puppy of three months old is superior in intellect to the child of the same age, but the mind of the child expands, while that of the dog has arrived at its limit.—The chicken of the common fowl has sufficient power and instinct to run in search of food the moment it leaves the egg, while the young of the eagle lies helpless in its nest; but the young eagle out-

strips the chicken in course of time.

"The earth presents a wonderful example of variety in all classes of the human race, animal and vegetable kingdoms. People, beasts and plants belonging to distinct classes, exhibit special qualities and peculiarities. The existence of many hundred varieties of dogs cannot interfere with the fact that they belong to one genus: the greyhound, the pug, the bloodhound, pointer, poodle, mastiff, and toy-terrier, are all as entirely different in their peculiar instincts as are the varieties of the human race. The different fruits and flowers continue the example: the wild grapes of the forest are grapes, but although they belong to the same class, they are distinct from the luscious "muscatel;" and the wild dog-rose of the hedge, although of the same class, is inferior to the moss-rose of the garden.

"From fruits and flowers we may turn to insect life, and watch the air teeming with varieties of the same species, the thousands of butterflies and beetles, the many members of each class varying in instincts and peculiarities. Fishes, and even shell-fish all exhibit the same arrangement,—that every group is divided into varieties all differing from each other, and each distinguished by the same peculiar excellence or defect.

"In the great system of creation that divided races and subdivided them according to mysterious laws, apportioning special qualities to each, the varieties of the human race exhibit certain characters and qualifications which adapt them to specific localities. The natural character of those races will not alter with a change of locality, *but the instincts of each race will be developed in any country where they may be located.* Thus the English are as English in Australia, India and America as they are in England, and in every locality they exhibit the industry and energy of their native land: *even so the African will remain negro in all his natural instincts, although transplanted to other soils; and those natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom he will assuredly relapse into an idle and savage state, unless specially governed and forced to industry.*

"The history of the negro has proved the correctness of this theory! In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint. Like a horse without harness, he runs wild, but, if harnessed, no animal is more useful. Unfortunately, this is contrary to public opinion in England where the vox populi assumes the right of dictation on matters and men, in which it has had no experience. The English insist on their own weights and measures as the scales for human excellence, and it has been decreed by the multitude, inexperienced in the negro personally, that he has been a badly treated brother: that he is a worthy member of the human family, placed in an inferior position through the prejudice and ignorance of the white man, with whom he should be upon equality. The negro has been, and still is, thoroughly misunderstood. However severely we may condemn

the horrible system of slavery, the results of emancipation have proved that the negro does not appreciate the blessings of freedom, nor does he show the slightest feeling of gratitude to the hand that broke the rivets of his fetters. His narrow mind cannot embrace that feeling of pure philanthropy that first prompted England to declare herself against slavery, he only regards the anti-slavery movement as a proof of his own importance. In his limited horizon he is himself the important object, and as a sequence to his self-conceit, he imagines that the whole world is at issue concerning the *black man*. The negro therefore being the important question, must be an important person, and he conducts himself accordingly—he is far too great a man to work. Upon this point his natural character exhibits itself most determinedly. Accordingly, he resists any attempt at coercion; being free, his first impulse is to claim an equality with those whom he lately served, and to usurp a dignity with absurd pretensions, that must inevitably insure the disgust of the white community. Ill-will thus engendered, a hatred and jealousy is established between the two races, combined with the errors that, in such conditions, must arise on both sides. The final question remains. Why was the negro first introduced into our colonies—and to America?

"The *sun* is the great arbiter between the white and the black man. There are productions necessary to civilized countries, that can alone be cultivated in tropical climates, where the white man cannot live if exposed to labor in the sun. Thus such fertile countries as the West Indies and portions of America being without a native population, the negro was originally imported as a slave to fulfill the condition of a laborer. In his own country he was a wild savage, and enslaved his brother man; he thus became a victim to his own system; to the institution of slavery that is indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that has *not been taught to the African by the white man*, as is currently reported, but that has ever been the peculiar characteristic of African tribes.

"In his state of slavery the negro was compelled to work, and, through his labor, every country prospered where he had been introduced. He was suddenly freed; and from that moment he refused to work, and instead of being a useful member of society, he not only became a useless burden to the community, but a plotter and intriguer, imbued with a deadly hatred to the white man who had generously declared him free.

"Now, as the negro was originally imported as a laborer, but now refuses to labor, it is self-evident that he is a lamentable failure.—Either he must be compelled to work, by some stringent law against vagrancy, or those beautiful countries that prospered under the conditions of negro forced industry must yield to ruin, under negro freedom and idle independence. For an example of the results, look to St. Domingo!

"Under peculiar guidance, and

subject to a certain restraint, the negro may be an important and most useful being; but if treated as an Englishman, he will affect the vices but none of the virtues of civilization, and his natural good qualities will be lost in his attempt to become a 'white man.'"

The suggestiveness of these extracts is almost irresistible, and no reader can fail to contrast the condition, mental, moral and physical of the happy slave laborers of the Southern States, not only with the cruelly treated native slave of the native African, but with what we see every day in the laziness, squalor, vice and universal worthlessness of the freedmen, women and children around us.—As an old lady of the *ancien regime* is exclaiming while I write, "My Lord! how they do miss an overseer and a good master! Poor creatures! they are the most miserable, filthy wretches on the face of the earth, now that they are free!" Not even such bold and misinformed negrophilists as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe could dare to draw the fabulous character of an "Uncle Tom," either from the native African, granting him the benefits of missionary instruction, or from the emancipated negro of the Southern States; who, withdrawn from the influences that effected his advancement, has already become a nuisance to society. If possible anywhere, it would only be so under the humanizing and christianizing influences of slavery as it existed in the Southern States, where the Southern matron of religious principles honestly endeavored to instill the same into the well-fed, comfortably clad and properly cared for negroes of her family, to whom she acted under God, as a second Providence.

Would that some pen, as powerful as Mrs. Stowe's, could be used to picture truly in as well conceived a tale of fiction the condition of the "Uncle Toms" and their families *without* a cabin. More hearts would ache over the true than have ached over the false picture.

THE DINAH OF TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

We have been amused lately, in looking over an unfamiliar, minor poem of Virgil, to find the negro of our day so truthfully and minutely delineated. It seems that the physical beauty of the blacks was very similar then to what it is now; and that the Romans used them for the same purpose as do the Radicals of our time,—*to kindle a fire.* We give the text, accompanying it with a close translation:

———— Modo rustica carmina cantat
Agrestique suum solatur voce laborem.
Interdum clamat Cybalen: erat unica custos,
Afra genus, tota patriam testante figura,
Torta comam, labroque tumens, et fusca colorem;
Pectore lata, jacens mammis, compressior alvo,
Cruribus exilis, spatiosa prodiga planta;
Continuis rimis calcanea scissa rigebant.
Hanc vocat, atque arsura focis imponere ligna
Imperat, et flamma gelidos adolere liquores.

———— Thus he sings his rustic songs,
And solaces his toils with clownish voice.
Anon he calls aloud for Cybalé,
His only servant: African by birth,
Her figure to her country testifies:—
Crisp hair—thick lips and duskiness of hue,—
Broad bosom—flaccid breast and slab-like side,
Sharp shins—wide, flatten'd foot and rugged heels,
Gaping with constant cracks!—He summons her,
And on the fire he bids her heap the wood,
And heat the chilly waters with the flame.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

We have alongside another complete factory, representative of an industry that has acquired an immense importance in France, viz: the preparation of Chocolate. As a drink, its use is almost universal, fairly rivaling that of coffee, and large quantities are consumed in the confection of candies. I do not know the number of factories engaged in its preparation into a marketable form, they are very numerous, but a single example with which I am acquainted, that of Menier & Co., (of whose magnificent factory, at *Noisy-le-sec*, I may some day give you a description) the gross of whose operations amounts to 15,000,000 francs, (say $3,000,000) a year, will serve to give an idea of their importance. The machinery comprises both mills for grinding the cocoa and tables with revolving cylinders combined with scrapers, etc., for its trituration into a homogeneous paste, and a curious, and somewhat complicated machine for forming it into cakes, after which it is dried and enveloped.

The manufactory for the preparation and manufacture of caoutchouc is also complete, but not in operation, if I except a few persons engaged in the fabrication of india-rubber shoes, which is done by sticking together on a form the pieces of a proper shape.

In the show windows at the side we see a splendid collection of apparatus in Platina, chiefly destined for the manufacture (concentration) of sulphuric acid, and which represents a very considerable value, there being one alembic of probably — gals. which costs $14,000; we will however find in the English department an improvement on the present, and to which I will call attention.

Here on either side of the platform on which we promenade, are two hydraulic elevators, by which we can ascend in a few seconds, and without the slightest inconvenience, to the roof of this vast gallery, there to enjoy almost a bird's eye view of the vast park, and of the city of Paris. This elevator is the invention of Mr. Edoux, and appears to operate perfectly, its principle being that of a long piston equal in length to the height to be attained, working in a cylinder sunk in the ground, and carrying on its extremity a platform guided in its movements by four uprights.

We find in this neighborhood several new processes for making ice, especially with apparatus adapted to family use. One man presents a sort of cylinder on rockers, by which in introducing a refrigerating mixture (of salts and acids of low price,) you can make from 1 to 5 or 6 lbs. of ice in five or six minutes, at a cost of about 2½c. a lb. Another machine is so arranged, that by adapting a decanter of water to the extremity of a tube, and giv-

ing a few strokes of a pump which forms a part of the apparatus, the water is frozen in about three minutes, and at a less cost per pound, for the ice, than by the first process. These machines being small, and convenient, are suitable for domestic purposes, but for the manufacture of ice on a large scale, the machine par excellence is that invented by Mr. Carré, and which is installed in the park, where it manufactures several hundred pounds per day.

There is also a simple machine of which the idea is by no means new, for separating copper and iron filings. The mixture is allowed to fall on one side of a revolving cylinder, armed with magnets, which allows the copper to fall through, but retains the iron, which is swept off into a separate box, by a rotary brush placed on the opposite side of the cylinder.

We find exposed in this gallery some few agricultural instruments, although the special exhibition of everything appertaining to agriculture has been organized at Billancourt, an island in the Seine, a short distance above the Exposition. In this branch (agriculture) however, France is by no means the most advanced; the right of primogeniture having been abolished, her laws generally necessitate the division of the estate, which practice, after a few generations, has caused the lands to become excessively divided, so much so as to prevent the advantageous use of improved agricultural machinery (on account of the small capital engaged,) and consequently the proper development of this branch of the science. Indeed it is only of late years that their agriculturalists would consent to learn its real principles, and even to-day they prefer to export their best manures, etc., to England and elsewhere, than to put them on their grounds. The government, through its corps of engineers, are making efforts to ameliorate this condition, to create prairies, and to amend the land by proper systems of drainage, both general and particular, and we see some of the fruits of these efforts in quite a large exhibition of draining apparatus, tubes, hollow bricks, etc., and the machinery for their manufacture.

We pass from these interesting specimens of an advancement in the most important branch of a nation's wealth, prosperity, and above all, independence to the evidence of her genius; we enter the Department of the Minister of Public Works, the exhibition of the achievements of the Engineers of the State. We are in the midst of drawings and models of all kinds, specimens of all sorts of building material, artificial stone, betons, bricks, etc. Models of bridges, both fixed and turning; of viaducts and aqueducts; of breakwaters and harbor works, executed on a vast scale at the ports of Marseilles and Brest; of the sewers of Paris, which are marvelous in their extent and execution; of Light-houses, of all systems, of which there are two full sized in the park; one with an oil and the other an electric light. On the gallery also we find several lanterns intended for light houses in course of construction,

with different systems for the rotation of the lenses and the production of eclipses.

In the midst of all this we find a comfortable little office, intended for the "Ingenieurs des Ponts et Chaussées" (government civil engineers) and for the members of the school of that name. It contains the publications made by the government for the use and advice of their engineers; amongst others the results of the experiments of M. Forestier (Ing. des P. et C.) up to the present, on the preservation of woods exposed in salt water, from the attacks of the *tarêt;* a worm which is a terrible destroyer of sea port works executed in wood, and whose ravages it is of the highest interest to arrest. His experiments thus far have been crowned with success, and he has found that wood injected with 200 to 300 kilogrammes of creosote per cubic metre, by a process known as that of Mr. Burt, of England, is perfectly free from the attacks of this insect.

Leaving this exposition full of interest for the engineer we see around us the instruments of telegraphy, which, though of French manufacture, are mostly of American invention. The apparatus still preferred is that of Morse in which they continue to use the paper and that we have long since discarded, for the more rapid and convenient *sounder*. The printing apparatus of Hughes is beginning to be adopted and is altogether used on the city lines, on account of its convenience. The *pantelegraph* of Casselli, by which the dispatch is produced in the hand writing of the sender, also elicits much attention, but is not yet an invention sufficiently perfected to be put in regular practice; as the transmission of a small hand writing is almost impossible, a difficulty that will be readily understood on the following explanation:

The principle of this machine, the achievements of which might at first appear a little strange to some of my readers, is quite simple, and several systems to put it in execution have been proposed in past years. In the present, the dispatch is written on a sheet of tin foil with a non-conducting varnish, and is wound on a cylinder which is in connection with one of the poles of a galvanic battery. The other pole is attached to a style that is moved by a fine thread screw along the surface of the cylinder and parallel to its axis; consequently the circuit is always closed, that is, the current passes, except when a mark of the writing, by the revolution of the cylinder, intervenes. The receiving apparatus is exactly similar, except that on the cylinder is rolled a piece of paper, and on the slide in the place of the style alone, there is mounted an electro-magnet, the armature of which carries a style which passes through a bulb of glass containing ink, a small portion of which finds its way down to the point.—When the current passes, the electro-magnet attracts its armature, and consequently keeps the style from the paper; but when the current is interrupted by the writing, the armature is thrown back by a spring, and the style touching the paper leaves there a mark equal to the mark in var-

nish. It will be seen that it is very similar to the machine for copying engravings; with the disadvantage that as the writing is raised on the surface of the tin foil, the style in crossing several marks close together jumps from one to the other without touching the metal in the spaces between, and thus in the reproduction the letters appear blotted, and in a fine hand writing, are illegible.

In galvanic batteries for working these various apparatus, we find a large number, each offering certain advantages over the original batteries for obtaining a constant current with two liquids.—The best amongst those that I have examined is that invented by Mr. Delanché, which can be manufactured at 25 cents per cup, and possesses every requisite for telegraphy and other purposes.

In a large show case before us are exposed the models of the different classes of steam engines employed in the Imperial marine. These models, perfectly constructed, are in motion part of the day, and are of great interest to the mechanical engineers. By their exquisite workmanship and accurate execution their maker merited and obtained a gold medal. We have also alongside, the models of many of the vessels themselves, executed on a scale of 3 centimetres per metre; frigates, iron-clads, rams, etc., and one can study here, with ease and advantage, all the recent advances in naval architecture.

The models of naval constructions passed, it is the section of railroads, locomotives, cars, etc., that claims our attention. I know that the reader will excuse me if I hesitate to enter into a detailed account of this exhibition of the improvements brought forward by different engineers, a recital of which would only be interesting to one of the profession; suffice it to say that they have exposed some locomotives which, for size, have certainly no rivals; though their beauty might be easily contested, as they are wanting in harmony of proportion, and are usually heavy and ungraceful in appearance. The "Titan," for instance, an immense "tender locomotive," in which the smoke-stack is for some distance horizontal, has ten driving wheels, worked by four cylinders: a kind of construction that has necessitated some new and particular arrangements to permit of their turning curves of an ordinary radius. We have also many handsome specimens of passenger cars of the various classes, all on the European plan, that is divided into compartments, usually of 8 seats each, with lateral doors; and are generally constructed in sheet-iron—there are also several inventions for calling the guard in case a fellow traveler in the compartment should attempt a robbery.

Leaving these we enter the department of mines and metallurgy, a branch that has taken a grand development in France in the last few years.

We have before us the different apparatus for boring, sounding, for extraction, etc. Magnificent hoisting or pumping engines, the former with immense drums, destined to enroll those enormous cables with decreasing section,

that we noticed at the commencement of our promenade. There are also here the models of the machinery used in the preparation of coal for the locomotives. That used by them, at present, is made from the refuse coal and dust, obtained from the mine's coal yards, etc., agglomerated, and made into blocks, by a new invention, which has proved both profitable and useful, as making use of a product hitherto lost. Laminating cylinders, tubes for artesian wells, mine shafts, etc., among which we notice one in cast iron, some 12 feet in diameter, enormous cutting and punching machines, for boiler plate and other heavy work; steam engines, both stationary and portable; hydraulic motors; planing machines for both wood and iron; lathes of all kinds; circular and upright saws, among which one would not fail to remark the number of *endless saws* now employed, they are made by brazing together the ends of a thin band of steel, one edge of which is armed with teeth. It is strung on two pulleys placed vertically, the one above the other, to one of which motion is communicated, and in practised hands it is wonderful, the results that can be obtained from it, in the way of decorations for furniture.

There is on exhibition a marvel of this description, in the shape of a sort of triumphal arch, 4 feet or more in height, which by the intricacy and excessive richness of its design, defies description. The young workman by whom it was made, informed me that the different parts were put together just as they came from the saw, without having been retouched, and that its construction had taken nearly two years. The jury in consideration of its merits and the peculiarity of its construction bestowed on it a gold medal.

At this point we take leave of the numerous inventions exposed in the French department, to view, with probably more interest, an exhibition of a kind that we find in but few other countries, and which is as strange to many as any of those curious machines that we have been passing. I speak of the fabrication by hand, exactly as it is practiced in France and elsewhere, of many articles of daily consumption, either as a necessity or luxury, generally the latter, for where necessity makes itself felt, we soon have iron fingers at work to place us beyond its reach. The numerous little industries by which thousands can earn their bread, have many of them a representative here, and the crowd that continually surrounds the railings of these miniature shops of the Faubourg St. Antoine, witnesses the interest that they excite, and this is as much so for the native as the stranger, for no one is so little acquainted with Paris as the Parisian.

The strangers who visit the great capital come to see, to study its monuments and devote at least a portion of their time to the examination of its curiosities, but the Parisian thinks, that like himself, they are always there, and can be seen at any time; in consequence, its monuments, like its manufactures, like everything

save the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, and the Boulevards, are, to him, unknown.

But far better than satisfying the hungry curiosity of the visitors to the Exposition, is the striking example these manufacturers furnish to the political economists, of the truth and advantage of one of his great principles, viz: the division of labor, of the extraordinary skill arrived at by specializing, and the influence it has on trade.

The first of these little factories that attracts our attention is devoted to the manufacture of felt hats. Here, however, machinery has somewhat changed the old process, the fur previously prepared for the purpose, and weighed into portions sufficient to form a hat, is blown through a vertical slot on to a cone of copper placed just in front, this cone, pierced with holes, rests on a revolving table through the center of which is an aspirating tube by which a suction is created in the interior of the copper cone, and keeps the fur where it may fall on its surface. A workman with a small piece of board which he holds before the slot, regulates the direction of the hair, so as to fortify the weak places. The hair all blown, it is immediately covered by a copper cone similar to the first, and the whole is plunged into a caldron of boiling water, where it rests a moment, is withdrawn, debarassed of its copper casing, and handed to the workmen, who work it by rolling, etc., gently for a short time, and then wrapping it up in cloths, hand to the "fullers," who place it in a machine where, by the aid of steam, and a rolling motion, it becomes, in a short time, perfectly felted and strong, but wonderfully diminished in size. There now remains to shape it, which is done by gradually stretching it over a form, from whence, after being dried, it goes to the finisher, who places it on a rapidly revolving table, and with sand paper and pumice stone, gives it a fine surface, and ends this part of its manufacture. By the busy fingers of the workmen, aided by the all-powerful sewing machine, the lining and binding is soon done, and it finds its way into commerce. Bought, worn out, and thrown away, the scraps are gathered and sold as manure, and in the end, probably, help to raise other rabbits, which go to make more hats.

Almost alongside is the miniature factory of shoes, as made by machinery; the cutting out is done by steel forms, worked in presses, special machines rapidly shape the uppers, and the sole is screwed on in a few moments by the aid of .a machine which pierces the hole, cuts off a piece of wire from a coil placed above, cuts a screw thread on one end, and screws into the hole, and this, almost in an instant. The projecting ends of the screws are afterwards dressed off and the shoe finished.

A step further and we have before us the makers of combs, and articles in tortoise-shell, or horn, of fans, of artificial flowers, of morocco work, ivory, and imitation jewelry. Some one has remarked that man, when engaged

in almost any special industry, above all, it be but little known, is almost always, an object of interest to his fellow man, but when that man becomes woman, the interest is wonderfully increased, and so these little shops where the workers are nearly all women, never want for spectators to their handiwork.

Here is the manufactory of fans, with young artists busily employed in their decoration, and many taper fingers diligently plying over the frames on which the cloth or lace is stretched.—A shop adjoining has a whole bevy of the fair sex employed in the neat and tasteful work of making artificial flowers, which they do with great rapidity and rare perfection; so much so indeed, that at another point where there are some cases of their work exposed, persons have been known to touch and smell them in order to assure themselves that they were not natural. One of the most interesting of these model shops is that devoted to the fabrication of imitation jewelry; I mean the metallic parts; for the stones, I might almost say, each stone forms the object of a special industry. Here we find the metal rolled, cut out roughly, and stamped in presses of the most primitive construction; the pieces arranged, soldered or riveted by hand, and polished by girls with a little piece of wood, some rouge, and a burnisher, and yet they have many articles employing a part or all of the different operations, that are sold at from 10 to 30 cents a piece, that seems almost impossible, when one sees their process of manufacture.

We find as a completory branch of this shop, two persons engaged in the manufacture of false pearls; one blowing the bulbs from tubes of a glass suitable for this purpose, and the other filling them with a paste made from the scale of a particular fish of the Mediterranean sea, which possesses the qualities necessary to produce the iris which distinguishes and forms the special beauty of the pearl.—So well indeed do some manufacturers succeed in these imitations, that they have exposed cases containing several rows of pearls, some real and others false, which they defy the visitors to distinguish.

The manufacture too of artificial coral has been carried to a rare perfection; the opal has, I believe, been perfectly imitated; that is the real and manufactured articles are the same chemically and otherwise; and in general the production of artificial gems employs to-day a very considerable capital and a number of workmen. Viewed from an economical point it is a question open to discussion, whether it is beneficial. That mankind and, above all, womankind has a weakness for personal ornaments, and will, generally speaking, make sacrifices to secure them, is a fact demonstrated by experience; hence these productions permit all, or nearly all classes to gratify this natural instinct; but in the case of the lower classes is it not at the expense of many comforts or ameliorations to their condition that the money thus expended would bring?

To the rich it would enable the

same enjoyment for a smaller capital thus idly invested; and since they have been bronght to such perfection many ladies content themselves with the imitation without the world in general being any the wiser. There is, however, to this like to everything possessing but an apparent value, a natural repugnance.

At this point we see above, a large sign marked "Algeria," and we have finished our promenade in the French gallery of machines. I trust the reader will have pardoned me for this long account of wheels and engines; this "mechanical article." We have, on his account, but lightly touched on the contents of this gallery of wonders, which possesses for many an all-absorbing interest. In my next we will notice the French section of the park and then turn our attention to the study of the other and more pleasing departments.

RIGHT TO VOTE.

It was a glorious thing they said,—
  This freedom that they talked about,—
  This right to come and go, without
Question, or beck, or bar, instead
Of slavish cringing,—as they said.

I'm sure I have not found it so:
  I'd rather hear my master say—
  "We cannot spare you, Tom, to-day;
Your work counts double, as you know."
Ah, well—I own I liked it so!

Yes, I am free to straggle west,
  Or idle northward, if I choose:
  Who marks how many days I lose?
Who praises when I do my best?
Who cares to chide? Aye—east or west.

You talk of 'suffrage'—Did the vote
  I cast on Monday at the polls,
  Like any white man,—mend the holes
Worn in my old plantation coat?
I've got the suffering—*and* the vote.

My wife keeps crooning in my ear;
  My ragged wild ones at my heels,
  Rave of the merry cotton-fields,
And of the happy huskings' cheer;
And moan and murmuring fill my ear.

O, for one hour of the old days!
  When all the 'quarters' came at night,
  To gossip in our cabin bright,
And dance around the pine-knots' blaze,—
We'll never, never know such days!

Then all the cost and all the care
  We left within our master's hand,
  Without a wish to understand—;
Believing the division fair,—
Th' exemption, our's, and his,—the care.

No Christmas visions of brave clothes,
  And dainties from 'the house' arise
  To taunt my children's gaping eyes,
As shivering at the coming snows,
They cower beneath their tatter'd clothes.

Instead—I have *your* leave to vote!
  Why, Sirs! my imps who've learned to write
  Their nameless names in black and white,
Lack food and fire and shoe and coat:—
Give these—and *keep* your right to vote!

THE LAKE COUNTRY OF ENGLAND.

My way to the Lakes lay across the high region of Stainmoor, which, bald and sterile though it be, and often wrapt in fog, is forever irradiated with the sunshine of Sir Walter's genius, and has an enduring celebrity in those same songs of ladye-love and war which won for him the title of "the Ariosto of the North." Who does not remember bold Allen-a-Dale?

> And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail
> Who at Rerecross on St. Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

O the *désillusions* of modern civilization! The traveler now passes Rerecross in the express train, and if any of Allen's descendants remain in the neighborhood, they are probably engaged in some way in the service of the Company, as section superintendents or station-masters or brakesmen. He meets ne'er a belted knight riding abroad with his retainers in search of a sirloin, no border baron looking out for a baron of beef. Secure roam the cattle on a thousand hills. The proper way to journey through this region would seem to be in the saddle, if not attended by a dozen moss troopers, at least well mounted, and in the company of two or three friends who know the land as Scott sings of it. But the express first-class is altogether more comfortable and expeditious, whatever incongruity with ancient associations it may suggest. The railway ascends by a heavy grade an elevation of more than two thousand feet above the sea-level, from which the traveler looks down out of the carriage window upon a wide expanse of country, a view resembling the glorious landscape of lowland Virginia that used to be afforded the passengers to the White Sulphur Springs, when the trains passed over the summit of Rockfish Gap. Scattered homesteads and gleaming bits of water, broad woods and belts of green park and ample pastures with the shadows of passing clouds resting on them, here and there a far-off town or village with a vane blazing in the rays of the sun like a ball of fire, and a level horizon, very many miles away, encircling the sunlit panorama and melting into the tender purple of distance—such was what met my delighted gaze as from the highest point of the road I surveyed the northern part of Westmoreland spread out before me.—In two or three hours I should be on the extreme western limit of the shire, where Skiddaw and Helvellyn scarce broke the skyline of this Stainmoor view with their dim summits. At the foot of these mountains lay a region of exceeding loveliness which has another and scarcely less notable poetic commemoration in the verses of the Lake School. From Rokeby to Windermere *via* Stainmoor was like a change in the class of belles-lettres from Sir Walter to Wordsworth.

It was a little droll that halfway between these two points (and these two poets) we should

encounter in his own proper person the Poet Close. "The Poet Close!" I hear the reader exclaim, "Tennyson we know, and Tupper we know, but who is he?" Well, at Kirkby Stephen, where the train stops for refreshments, there appears upon the platform, and at the window of the carriage, with unkempt hair and his arm full of books which he offers for sale at the lamentably small price of three and sixpence a copy, a middle-aged man, who is the mimesinger and troubadour of the border, and who has achieved a success beyond that of such bards as Mr. Matthew Arnold, in having won the recognition of Ministers. Lord Palmerston was beguiled by the sweet song of the Poet Close into putting him upon the Pension List with the allowance of £100 per annum. Upon this comfortable annuity, the Poet Close might have hid himself among his native hills and written for posterity, but for envy and detraction. Some misguided persons, it seems, took it upon them to convince Her Majesty's Government that this pension had been ill-bestowed, and with such success that the same was speedily withdrawn, and now, instead of writing for posterity, Close writes only for the railway passengers. He strews the Express train with his hand-bills, and, like hoarse Fitzgerald, recites his verses in the refreshment-room. The hand-bills are adorned with the Royal arms, with the Prince of Wales, and the "Emperor of France" as supporters, and the array of royal, ducal, and episcopal personages who are mentioned as his admiring patrons is quite overpowering. The introduction again and again of the three-and-sixpence is something excessive. In the narrative of the poet's difficulties and triumphs, it comes with a sordid suggestion, like the business still kept up at the old stand, amid the monumental sorrow of the disconsolate widow of Père la Chaise. After the names of his patrons, the hand-bill announces "Poet Close's Third Volume, 3s, 6d. THE WISE MAN of Stainmoor, 50 engravings. Mr. Close has fought his way bravely amid Persecution, *up to the Throne!* Archbishop, Bishops, Earls, and Great Lords have smiled upon his last Work, the Royalty of England and Emperor of France—Crowned him with Honor! The Emperor of France, and Prince of Wales have thanked him for his last books. Posted for 48 stamps. Address, — Poet Close, Kirkby-Stephen." The Poet does not set forth in the hand-bill his greatest success in life, which is reserved for rhythmic treatment with more than Tupperian fervor. This is having secured, through the kind interest of the Hon. Col. Lowther, M. P., a scholarship in Christ's Hospital for his son! The Poem of "Our Blue Coat Boy," composed in memory of Col. Lowther's kindness" *ad hoc*, while it evinces the warmth of the poet's gratitude, will serve—the concluding stanzas are enough—as a specimen of his style—

"May God reward the Colonel kind
Who gave us such a boon
Whose kindness got him in this school
At such an age so soon.

"Well may we love Col. Lowther's name
Long Life may he enjoy
Whose Patronage has crowned our Son,
Made him a Blue Coat Boy."

Let us hope that the young Christ's Hospitaller may make good use of his opportunities, and not be called upon to put the verses of his Sire into Latin pentameters. And for the Poet's Third Volume, 3s, 6d. may dukes on dukes come in the first class to Kirkby-Stephen to buy it, and monarchs continue to express their thankful appreciation of it, and all its successors.—*Vivat Regina* and no money returned!

Our railway journey, after descending from the Stainmoor high ground, was tedious, as it involved two changes of carriages and delays at junctions; the last junction at Kendal, where the cloth, known as the "Kendal Green," in which Falstaff's "three misbegotten knaves" were supposed to have been attired, was formerly manufactured.—Leaving this place, the train pursued a devious course through the hills for six miles, and came to rest in a station house, emerging from which, we saw directly before us, with the afternoon sunlight upon its placid surface, beautiful, tranquil Windermere.

The Lake was to me just what I expected to find it. It did not look like Lake George, or Lake Lucerne, or Loch Lomond, with whose aspects I was familiar. I could fancy it was wholly unlike the Lakes of Killarney, which I had never seen. Water in its distribution over the globe resembles the various forms of poetry. The brook and the rivulet are chansons—or lyrics—as Tennyson has shown. The waterfall is an extravaganza or a hymn of awful praise; Lodore leaps and laughs like the verses Southey indited to it. Niagara rolls, and thunders like the *Dies Iræ*. The mighty river is an epic, moving around with a measured and majestic sweep to its catastrophe, the sea. A lake may be an idyl or an ode, Killarney we may suppose to be an Irish melody. But Windermere is a sonnet. It is a perfect poem within a small and definite compass. It is symmetrical in form and limited in extent. It fulfills, indeed, all the definitions of the sonnet, and has a continuous rhythm from beginning to end, with which the hills around it are in harmony. The exquisite finish and completeness of Wordsworth's sonnets can be fully understood only when one looks upon Windermere and remembers that they were written by its margin.

One comprehends also, in overlooking Windermere, Wordsworth's protest against the extension of the railway into this Lake Country. He could not regard the locomotive engine otherwise than as an intruder whose shriek was a painful dissonance in nature's unwritten, yet everflowing, and here almost vocalized, music. The late Edward Everett, in an eloquent speech at a Railway Jubilee in Boston, made a rejoinder to the Laureate's protest, in which he claimed for the locomotive that it was a servant of the Beautiful, inasmuch as it brought hundreds every year into intimate communion with Nature in her tenderest

and loveliest manifestations, where a solitary worshipper had been admitted before, thus widening the domain which that member of the æsthetic Trinity held over human hearts. But the locomotive does, indeed, seem out of place here, setting aside the point, which might fairly be made against Mr. Everett *en revanche*, that the neophytes in Nature's worship, whom the railway has brought to the Lakes are mostly insensible to her influence. The Beautiful with a big B does not powerfully effect the Compound Householder or Mr. and Mrs. Vox Populi from Bayswater, while the artist, the scholar, the man of contemplative mood, who fly from cities to woods and mountains for refreshment, see and feel in this lovely Lake region a repose which the clatter of the railway train should not be permitted to disturb. We cannot and should not hope wholly to arrest the utilitarian tendency of the age when it seems to involve a profanation of awe and beauty in exceptional localities, and it were as idle to lament the saw-mills at Niagara and the calico print works on Loch Lomond as to regret the soapsuds of the washerwomen of Geneva which discolor the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. But utility does not demand the railway among the Lakes, the whole circuit of which can be made in a few days of moderate travel by the coach, and it may soothe the shade of Wordsworth that as yet Rydal Mount and Grasmere churchyard lie some miles distant from the iron highway.

It is pleasant to think that the coach after all is likely to linger here for some time as the means of travel, and that the American in England will be enabled to see it here, if not in all its glory of scarlet panels and gold mountings, and striking *personnel* of beefy coachman and resplendent guard, yet, in shape and fashion substantially as in the days of the Georges when it reached its highest perfection of appointment and comfort. I am not going to describe the coach or to indulge in sentimental regrets over its disappearance. A good many travelers in England have told us that there are hawthorn hedges there, and cottages overrun with roses and honeysuckles, and that Birmingham is a great manufacturing city, and that London is visited by fogs, all which facts, together with the appearance and management of the old English mail coach, have come to be known pretty well by this time, and need not be repeated. Besides, are there not novelists and essayists out of number who have described the coach and sung its threnody? Does not the pleasing and corpulent apparition of Mr. Tony Weller rise up before us at the blare of the horn and the crack of the whip? At the rattle of the wheels can we not see Thackeray, *ætat* 12, running out of Charterhouse School with his companions to cheer the York mail as its brilliant coaches in rapid succession whirl down the Goswell Road?

There can be no question whatever about the pleasure of the journey on the top of the coach from Bowness to Keswick in fine

weather. The rate is about ten miles an hour, and there is not a rock or a rut to break the smooth motion of the vehicle, and the road is shaded by venerable trees, elms and willows, whose branches stretch high as a cathedral roof above you, or droop gracefully their swaying foliage to brush your cheek as you pass. Every turn of the road has its memories of the famous men and women who once dwelt here, and one seems to know it all beforehand, as if he were revisiting some familiar neighborhood, and can scarcely help fancying he ought to see some of those distinguished folk of literature, so little changed is the country around since they laid down the pen forever. Wordsworth and Coleridge ought to be walking along the edge of Grasmere, Southey should be riding out on his cob, that mighty athlete, John Wilson, should be striding over the hills, Lamb or De Quincey should be among your fellow-passengers, silent, shy, yet keenly observant of their neighbors, and losing no glimpse of beauty of all the shifting landscape from the beginning to the end of the journey.

The choice of a resting-place on the banks of Windermere is embarrassing, for each point of view seems loveliest of all, but perhaps the most convenient hotel for excursion purposes is the Low Wood Inn near the head of the lake, where I arrived at sunset of a glorious evening, when the whole *entourage* of wood and water, mountain and valley, gleamed, like the cohorts of Sennacherib, in purple and gold. The look out across the lake is at all times enchanting. On the opposite shore a Liverpool merchant has been good enough to erect a large castellated mansion, most agreeably frowning and baronial in its appearance, which he calls "Castle Wray," and which serves imaginative tourists quite as well as a more ancient edifice in calling up associations of romantic interest and tragic horror of the brownest shade. Behind the inn and lifted high above it among the hills is the little perch of "Dove's Nest" which was once, during the summer, inhabited by Mrs. Hemans, and here that tuneful lady made herself very wretched in verse under the most creditable circumstances.

There seemed to me a far greater degree of reserve among the visitors at the Low Wood Inn than I had seen elsewhere at places of public resort in England. If at any moment a half dozen persons, who had no common acquaintance, found themselves together in the general sitting room, they instinctively arranged themselves as speedily as possible at the maximum of distance from each other, and if a like number of gentlemen, all strangers, *inter se*, met upon the piazza for a smoke, six boxes of Vesuvians would be successively produced, no one of the number being willing to ask any other one of the number for a light. It could not be because the facility of reaching the Lakes had brought all classes of people to Windermere, and therefore cautious guests were afraid of 'entertaining' strangers lest they might 'entertain' linen

drapers and 'casuals' unawares; for at Scarborough there was a much greater variety of social distinctions, and at Scarborough the fusion of the various elements was easily enough accomplished, at least for all purposes of croquet, pic-nic, or the dance. But on the Low Wood lawn, the balls and bats lay idle till the arrival of a party large enough and driveling enough to make up a game, lonesome people went and came upon the same pedestrian excursions independently, and had Strauss or Lanner been there to play valses such as might drive a New York girl into the dance of St. Vitus, not a couple had moved to the delirious music.—One might have supposed that the company was drawn from the same social classes sufficiently to render a temporary intercourse innocuous and agreeable. But they did not coalesce, and the solitary visitor, like myself, was thrown altogether upon the *genius loci* for companionship.

There is nothing in which the national character is more strikingly shown in the English, than the becoming punctuality with which they go to church. It is at least doubtful whether at an American summer resort the larger number of the visitors would have attended divine service. Many of them would have preferred lolling about upon the corridors of the hotel, or in the surrounding pleasure grounds.—But our company at the Low Wood Inn turned out *en masse*, each with her or his prayer-book, and we all walked, at little distances apart, two miles, to Ambleside, where a fine new church building, one of Gilbert Scott's handsomest rural Gothic structures, has quite recently been erected. The day was beautiful, the village is most picturesque, all things seemed to praise God, like Ruth among the corn, "with sweetest looks," and though we exchanged on the way home not a word concerning walk, or anthem, or sermon, I am confident there was no one but felt the better for the church-going, both as to the religious and physical exercise.

In the very midst of the Psalter, I found myself interested in a beautiful painted window near at hand, upon which, in antique letters, not instantly intelligible, was this inscription, "1853. In Memoriam Gulielmi Wordsworth, P. C. amatores et amici partim Angli partim Anglo-Americani." The poet was prefigured by the Psalmist, who, in the attitude of devotional rapture, was represented as singing to the harp in his strain of inspiration. There are, indeed, few poets as a memorial of whom the sublime idea of David would not seem an obvious incongruity, but the whole poet life of Wordsworth was a psalm, and the "Intimations of Immortality" will roll down through the ages with those imperishable, even though uninspired, Latin hymns, which we accept as next in majesty and fervor to the writings of the Psalmist himself.*

* The "partim Anglo-Americani" of this memorial inscription recalls most affectingly the image of that chaste scholar, and estimable gentleman, the late Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, in whose premature death, by

The circuit of Windermere is little over twenty miles from Waterhead to Newby Bridge and back again, and is readily made in three hours with reasonable allowance of time for viewing the most interesting spots. The traveler feels very much as if he were making a voyage in Liliput. He goes out to a very small pier and embarks upon a diminutive steamer which disturbs the mirror-like surface with insignificant ripples and leaves behind it a feeble momentary wake, and propelled as it were by half a pony power, glides softly and noiselessly among islets where Titania and her retinue would have been uncomfortably crowded, and past villages that look, from the deck, as if they had been made as Christmas presents for the children. Little yachts put out from little pleasure-houses on the shore and spread their little sails as in a fairy tale. Nature seems to have reduced herself, and the pictures she spreads before the eye are like landscapes seen through an inverted telescope.

There are few traditions of Windermere that are out of keeping with its tranquil serenity and soothing beauty. The guide-book will tell you of a lawless cavalier of Charles' time who was besieged on one of these islands by a fierce Roundhead for eight months, and who, when the Puritan relinquished the leaguer and went his way, sallied forth in pursuit, and rode up the aisle of Kendal church, while the good people were at prayers, in the hope of carrying off his enemy, but, not finding him, rode down the aisle again, and, after attempting to get out at another door, struck his head violently against the low archway, and was fain to make his escape, leaving behind him his iron helmet which hangs in the aisle to this day.* But of all the memories of Windermere, its gayest and most brilliant is that of which Lockhart gives an account in his Life of Sir Walter, when Canning met Scott and Southey and Wordsworth and stalwart Christopher North at Storrs Hall, the mansion house of John Bolton, Esq., in those days, which the tourist sees on the lake's margin below Bowness. They had a magnificent regatta which was under the management of Wilson, whom Canning called "The Admiral of the Lake." "Perhaps," says Lockhart, "there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession when it passed at the point of Storrs to admit into the place

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the appalling disaster that befell the Steamer Arctic, in 1854, the literature of America sustained so grievous a loss. Professor Reed took a great, even an affectionate, interest in this tribute to Wordsworth, and invited the coöperation in the work of the poet's admirers and friends ("amatores et amici") in all parts of the country. At his instance, the writer of these sketches wrote, soliciting contributions, to several prominent literary men of the South, all of whom cheerfully acceded to the request, deeming it a privilege to pay their homage to the great philosophical poet of England. It was, therefore, not wholly as a stranger, that the writer regarded the graceful and beautiful memorial, which, alas! the most sympathetic and intelligent critic of Wordsworth's genius and poetry did not live to see erected.

* The incident is narrated in Rokeby.

of honor the vessel that carried kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests." Ah, happy Mr. Bolton, indeed! "The three bards of the Lakes," continues the biographer, "led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning," but we need not pursue the narrative. The flags and steamers and gay dresses that enlivened the scene have long ago been eaten up by the moths, and the actors therein are dust. But the scene should be painted in the colors and with the accessories that Lockhart has supplied. As for the *Nox, Cœnumque* that followed, with Canning's wit and Sir Walter's stories and Christopher's abounding merriment, interspersed probably with poems of the two Laureates, "kind and happy Mr. Bolton" was not a Boswell, and we can only conjecture what such a night and such a supper must have been.

The walk from the Lake by way of Ambleside to Grasmere will richly reward the lover of the picturesque and the lover of English literature, which sentence, though it sounds exceedingly as if it were taken from Mr. Black's Picturesque Guide, is an original platitude nevertheless. Grasmere! the very name is poetry and brings up before us a cool, sequestered pond bordered by luxuriant turf and sprinkled with water lilies.—As seen from the hill, upon climbing which the pedestrian from Ambleside catches his first glimpse of it, Grasmere Lake looks like a shield of silver with an emerald, its single island, in its centre, which some Giant of the Mountains might have flung down there long ago after battling with the Storm King. As compared with Windermere it is but a duck puddle in size, but all its ducks have been swans, for there at Allan Bank, in plain sight, lived Wordsworth, and after him De Quincey, and the little circuit of its waters was the familiar haunt of kindred spirits. Not far off, the house lies on the road from Ambleside, dwelt Dr. Arnold.—But the point of chief interest is beyond, a little way out of the small village of Grasmere, where in the Poet's Corner of the parish churchyard, Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge lie buried in contiguous graves. A quieter spot cannot be found in the kingdom. It seems a more fitting resting-place for them than the aisle of a cathedral, there, where Mute Nature, who mourns her worshippers, may deck the sod with her perennial flowers, and keep over them her unceasing vigils. Two little girls were playing on the graves as I entered the enclosure, and quickly came up to sell me photographs of the spot, and to ask if I would care to see the monumental tablet erected to Wordsworth inside the church.—Upon my saying that I should, they ran off and presently returned with two ponderous keys which by an effort they lifted to the locks that secured the portal, and we passed into the building. A solemn stillness reigned under the ancient roof which the footfall upon the broken stone pavement and the thoughtless chirrup of the girls seemed rudely to disturb.—My little companions were wholly ignorant of the great men whose

memorial busts in bas-relief they exhibited, and reverence for the place had long ago with them been lost in familiarity and the thought of one and sixpence; but it seemed a pretty thing that children should show the pew where the poet had listened with child-like humility to the Morning Service (and to many a sermon that must have bored him,) and could he visit his own tomb under such guidance, he would probably write a pretty poem about it and hand down the little girls to posterity with the young damsels who dwelt among the untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove.

A longer and more fatiguing walk takes the tourist by way of the Langdale Pikes, across the body though not the summit of Scawfell, to the head of Wast Water.—The distance is twenty-two miles, and the path over the mountains very rugged, but it can be easily accomplished in a day, with an allowance of two hours for rest and luncheon. There is nothing here of the overpowering sublimity of the Alps, nor even of the lonely grandeur of some passes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, but a certain majesty from hugeness of outline which is all the more impressive because of the contrast it affords to the miniature-like scale of Nature on the borders of the lakes below. The silence of these solitudes has also its peculiar effect upon the ear and the mind accustomed to the roar and rush of London. Upon this densly populated island, which has nearly reached its utmost limit of production and of inhabitants to the square mile, it seems strange to pass in a few hours from crowded and bustling market-places to regions where, all around, the sheep clinging to the mountain-side and the eagle circling in the air alone represent animal life. True it is that the whole district of of these lakes and mountains is extremely circumscribed and is closely surrounded by a teeming population of working men and women. There is more than one county in Virginia of larger area than Westmoreland and Cumberland taken together, and as the traveler stands upon some lesser summit of a range and looks down upon the barren fells and scars that bound the landscape, he knows that on the other side of that interposing hill there is the railway and the policeman, and that to-morrow morning, if he choses, he may breakfast in Piccadilly. But for the moment he is alone with Nature as much as if he were traversing the Himalayahs or seeking the mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the Mountains of the Moon.

The idea of separation from society is not wholly dispelled when the pedestrian reaches the head of Wast Water, and there finds a primitive inn with accommodations for eight persons only, situated between lofty mountains, whose sides hem it in narrowly, and without another habitation in sight. But few of the visitors to the Lakes have hitherto found their way to this spot, which is the nearest stopping place for making the ascent of Scawfell Pike, but since the climbing of mountains has become fashionable through the

organized expeditions of the Alpine Club, it is likely that a much larger number will hereafter annually visit it, and that Mr. Ritson's humble house of entertainment will give place, ere long, to a modern hotel, where one may find the highest civilization in *potage a la Reine*, billiards, the bath, a telegraph station, Brighton Selzer and the *Times*.

Scawfell Pike is the loftiest of the English mountains, though its elevation is not so great as that of Snowdon, in Wales, or Ben Nevis, in Scotland, and these latter are not so high as Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, or the Peaks of Otter, in Virginia. But Scawfell, like the little hill behind the hotel at Llanrwst, as a Senior Wrangler once said, "is high enough for all practical purposes," that is to say, it is high enough to be very fatiguing in the ascent, to be very much wrapt in fog, and to be not wholly without peril to its climbers. Without the element of danger, the mountain would have no attraction for the young Englishman. If going up the Matterhorn could be made as safe as ascending to the ball of St. Paul's, it would be too spiritless an affair in his judgment to arouse the energies and engage the attention of a more or less rational being.

Our host, Mr. Ritson, who was a fine specimen of a native Cumbrian, gave us an account of a tragical finale to an excursion made only a few months before, by a youthful admirer of English mountain scenery. The young man had often ascended the Scawfell in the summer months, but was ambitious of standing on its snow-clad summit in mid-winter. With this object, he started out from the Wastdalehead inn one clear cold day, of early February. He had been warned of the rashness of the adventure, but the very peril that attended it, sharpened the edge of his resolve. He never returned. Several days passed without apprehension on the part of our landlord, who doubted not that he had taken another direction after descending the mountain. But then receiving letters of inquiry concerning the traveler, who had not made his appearance to persons expecting him elsewhere, Mr. Ritson, with several other mountaineers, started in search of him. They tracked him by the prints of his snow-shoes for some distance up to the mountain, but, on coming to a precipitous spot, lost all trace of him whatever. As the descent of the steep was impracticable for the foot of man, a retriever dog was sent down, who soon testified, by his yelps and howls, to the horrible discovery he had made. On performing a wide circuit to the base of the precipice, the party found the body of the young man frozen and buried beneath a snow-drift, like the youth who bore the banner with the strange device—*Excelsior*. A similar incident to this, in which a Mr. Gough lost his life on Helvellyn, was commemorated by Sir Walter Scott in one of his most affecting ballads, and had the Lake poets not all passed away, it is likely that the victim of the Scawfell tragedy

would have been immortalized in song. As it is, his name only marks a page of the latest edition of the Guide-books as a warning against attempting to climb the Scawfell Pike in winter.

Though I did not, myself, pass over the most difficult portion of the path to the mountain-top, I can fancy the danger of going up in ordinary weather to be very greatly exaggerated by Mr. Black and the guides, for the day after reaching Wastwater, I pursued my pedestrian ramble ten miles over Black Sail and Scarf Gap, to Buttermere, and found the route, which is set down as being exceedingly difficult and insecure, sufficiently plain and practicable. It was full of glorious glimpses of the valleys below, and bold views of neighboring headlands, throwing their dark shadows far beyond their bases; Ennerdale Water lay in one direction, and Honister Crag in the other, the last extensive prospect being that which is afforded of Buttermere and Crummock Water from the summit of Scarf Gap just before commencing the descent.

The difference between these two small lakes is striking enough, the one tame and pastoral, the other poetically gloomy and savage. The names imply as much—Buttermere we should associate with geese and cows, and farmyards upon the bank, while Crummock Water has a rough discordant sound which suggests the sullen wild character of its scenery. Yet the two lakes are but a few hundred yards apart, and the traveler can please himself as to the sort of ramble he prefers, by taking the right or the left hand path-way from the hotel, which lies between them. They are typical of the two very widely different classes that inhabited the region while the poets of the Lake School yet survived—the plain country-folk and the inspired singers. Hodge looked after the stock and the poultry, Messieurs the Bards watched the mountain and the cloud to interpret their shifting phases. It was of nature and the land around them as Goethe has said of the radiant goddess—

To some she is the goddess great,
(Wordsworth, Southey & Co.)
To some the milch cow of the field,
(Hodge for instance.)
Their wisdom is to calculate
What butter she will yield.

And now down through the vale of Newlands, on top of the coach and with exhilarating rapidity, *summa diligentia* indeed, we go to Keswick, with the greater portion of the road in sight all the way, and every moment obtaining a view of some new object of beauty or grandeur, until at last we are brought into the immediate presence of Skiddaw, stern yet lovely in its sternness, the parting sunlight like a crown upon its brow, and Derwentwater gleaming like a diamond at its feet.

Derwentwater is the sweetest of all the Lakes. If Windermere is a sonnet, Derwentwater is a tender love song, a quatrain sounded most musically. From whatever point of view you may regard it, the same completeness strikes you. Every clump of trees, every overhanging rock, every curving line of pebbly margin is

in Nature's happiest mood. The walk from Keswick to Lodore will reveal new beauties at every turn of the road, and the traveler will make his way back with the most charming photograph on his memory that has ever been painted there by the external world.

Lodore, as I have said already, is an extravaganza, a pretty freak of nature "in her wild and frolic hour of infancy," as Halleck has it, and probably cuts all the capers that Southey has so whimsically described in rhyme when it has water enough for the purpose, but it wanted water sadly on the occasion of my visit, as if the supply had come from some Cumberland Water Works Company, *Limited*, or as if the Giant of the Mountains had got tired of its babbling and called upon it to "dry up." There were photographic cards of it, however, at the hotel showing how the waters sometimes come dashing and plashing and roaring, and pouring, and darkling, and sparkling, and the omission was thus supplied for sixpence, though, when you come to think of it, you might see Lodore in this way at the London Stereoscopic Company's establishment, (Limited) in Regent Street, without going to Cumberland at all.

England gets its lead-pencils, or plumbago of which they are manufactured, from Keswick, which fact is worth making a pencil note of, and the quiet little town, the quietest of all little towns until the railway was carried through it, is grandly situated at the base of Skiddaw and close by Derwentwater, but its chief interest is the souvenir of Robert Southey. Here for forty years he lived, and here he died, and was committed to the grave. A brief inscription on his tomb in the burial ground of Crossthwaite parish church tells the number of his days, and in the church itself there is a recumbent statue of him, on the stone beneath which are some tributary lines from the pen of Wordsworth who outlived him. But little mortuary panegyric is so happily worded or so well deserved. The poetry of Southey, apart from his lighter pieces, is almost as little read now, as Chaucer's. Few readers of miscellaneous English literature know, or care to know, how happily the days of Thalaba went by. But the memory of Southey is a precious inheritance. He was perhaps the noblest example of the literary character that his country has given to the world. His life, as Thackeray has well said, was "sublime in its simplicity, its energy, its honor, its affection." How bravely he toiled, how blamelessly he walked among his fellow-men, how he feared God and honored the king, (even when that king was the reprobate Fourth George,) how he adhered to his honest, if mistaken, convictions of social policy, and yet refused to be made a Baronet, how he kept the faith with his calling, regarding his muse ever as an exalted creature, "like Knowledge firm, like Virtue fair" —all this is part of the intellectual history of England. Such recollections make Greta Hall a shrine. In our day, when the profession of literature embraces so many who dwell in a Bohemia of debt,

drink and license, and when poetry has been degraded by men of great gifts to the service of a pagan sensualism, it is with something of reverence that we turn to this member of the ancient Priesthood, who kept his robes pure and his hands clean, and who raised authorship above the dignity of the Peerage.

Greta Hall stands a little way out of the village, "a comfortable house," says Charles Lamb, describing it and getting entangled with his metaphors, "enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains —great flourishing bears and monsters." It is not now shown to the public. As it contains few memorials of the Doctor, the pilgrim need not greatly regret his exclusion. The library has long ago been dispersed by the inevitable, the ruthless auctioneer—that library of which he himself said,—"here I possess the gathered treasures of time, the harvest of so many generations laid up in my garners, and when I go to the window, there is the lake, and the circle of mountains, and the illimitable sky." What a possession and how profitably he used it!*

Keswick is the point at which tourists who have entered the Lake district at Windermere, ordinarily leave the Enchanted Land. It is fast losing the features of rusticity and seclusion it once wore. A great vulgar Railway Hotel looks down upon the town from a commanding hill, and seems to claim it for its own. But Skiddaw looks down from its airy height in grim majesty, as if it mocked railway and hotel alike, and seems to say, 'let cockneys come, let trains rush by, but here I stand forever.'

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* It will not perhaps be considered an impertinence in the writer of these sketches, to mention that some of the volumes of Southey's library—those "gathered treasures of time"—constituted a portion of his own library, which was totally destroyed in the memorable conflagration of Richmond, 3d April, 1865.

A PORTRAIT.

All beauteous things have lent their grace
To make the sweetness of her face.

The light of Autumn's richest dyes
Swims in the depths of her brown eyes,

And all its sunset's golden air
Is tangled in her waving hair.

The laden bee might stoop to sip
The rose's heart that stains her lip;

But, fainter flushed, her cheek and brow
Blush with the budding hawthorn's snow.

In the clear music of her voice
A thousand purling streams rejoice,

As sweet as when through summer hours
They babble of the brimming showers,

And down the happy vales are sent
The murmurs of their full content.

Like clouds that fleck the morning sky
She sweeps in airy fleetness by,

And who that sees but turns to bless
A vision of such loveliness.

It seems a glorious angel given
To woo our straying steps to heaven.

But O, I think, if e'er as wife
She wears the marriage ring of life,

And all her being, bright and good,
Rounds to a perfect womanhood;

In those blest Courts where she would move
The matchless minister of Love,

Beneath the purple of her throne
This earth and heaven would seem but one.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

"Oh! Grandpa, Frank's exchanged!" The speaker was Miss Charley, who rushed into the parlor in which Colonel Preston was seated, reading attentively the Richmond *Examiner*.

"Bless my soul!—you don't say so, darling? How did you hear?"

"I went to the Hospital—Camille's I mean—to show Mandy the way, and when I was coming back, I met Col. Ould who told me he had good news for me, and then told me he had just received the Cartel and that Frank's name was on it. He is to leave for Signal Hill this afternoon, so we will have our poor Frank here to-night," and the girl's eyes filled up with tears of pure joy.

"I'll go down with Ould!" said the Colonel, "and bring the boy home. Have you told wife and Eliza?"

"Not yet, Sir; I thought I'd come to you first."

"Well, child, run, for the news is too good to keep to ourselves. Where's James?"

"Oh! on some of his many works of mercy and usefulness," was the reply. "Grand-pa the amount of good the Professor does to the cause and country is incalculable. No one knows of it but me, for he's as modest as he's brave. And although he was born in Scotland, and is thus exempt, he wanted to shoulder his musket and go into the ranks, and it required all my influence to restrain him! Any one can fight, but not one in a thousand can do what the Professor does!" and the Professor's young love ran off to Mrs. Leigh, who had left her plantation and joined her father as a permanent member of the family.

Her joy at the news of the speedy prospect of seeing her son was extremely touching, tempered as it was by her gratitude to the Hand, which had unlocked the prison doors and restored to her the light of her existence.

"My boy! My precious child!" she exclaimed, "I will go to him, Charley. No one can receive him as his mother. Get me his new overcoat, honey, you know he is so particular in his dress, and he'll want to look nicely, just coming home, and his clothes may be a little rusty."

Charley helped as readily as her aunt could have desired, and between them and Mrs. Preston, everything that loving hearts could suggest to show their appreciation of the young soldier, was soon collected and placed in the carriage which was then at the door.

"Had'nt you better take a pillow, Eliza?" said Mrs. Preston, "and this carriage blanket. Frank may be tired and like to lie down."

"Scarcely!" replied his fond mother, "you know how energetic and full of life he is!"

* Continued from page 206.

"Take them anyhow, Eliza," said Mrs. Esten, entering at the moment, "and this bottle of brandy. If Frank does'nt need it, some of the poor fellows will, and it is best to have it."

"I wish the Professor was here to go," said Miss Charley's soft voice.

"He is here, Miss Charley," said the gentleman thus desired, "where is it you wish me to go?"

She explained rapidly and he at once offered to accompany the party.

"Come, Eliza, come on!" shouted the impatient Colonel from the pavement. "We'll be left to a dead certainty, and I promised Ould to be punctual."

"Plenty of time, Mrs. Leigh, do'nt agitate yourself, madam," said the Professor, as he assisted her to the carriage. "We can't start for an hour yet, but the Colonel's eagerness makes him a little impatient."

Miss Charley thought so, and was all the better pleased that the expedition was in the hands of one so wise and so cool as the Professor.

The carriage drove off, and in lieu of an old shoe, Miss Charley pitched one of her pretty Blockade slippers for good luck after the retreating vehicle. It stuck in the mud of Franklin Street, and cost Mandy and a pair of tongs some trouble before it was finally extricated.

Then Miss Preston, feeling unsettled, and averse to remaining in-doors, tied on her jaunty little hat and started for the Hospital, knowing she would be likely to meet Camille on her return home.

As she walked along the crowded streets, many an admiring glance was thrown upon her, and on passing the Spotswood Hotel, a gentleman who stood at the door, joined her, and removing his hat, disclosed the face of Mr. Fontaine. She gave him a cordial greeting, and he walked by her side, asking of every one but the one of whose welfare he was most desirous to be assured.

They were laughing in the high spirits which the thought of Frank's return had occasioned the young lady, and the pleasure which the gentleman felt in being near one who had been near Camille, when, on turning a corner, they saw the latter approaching them.

She was walking slowly and quietly along, holding in her hand the little basket, now empty, which she always took from home filled with such delicacies for the sick, as could be procured, and her large eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the ground. The folds of her soft grey dress draped her beautiful figure with the utmost grace, and a little hat of the same color, bound with scarlet, rested on her shining hair.

She was nearly up to the pair, who had stopped, before she knew of their presence, and when she heard the impassioned greeting of Mr. Fontaine, and saw his outstretched hand, she turned very white, and then flushed as red as the trimmings of her hat.

"This is indeed a surprise!" she said, bowing low, but not taking his hand. "Charley, are all at home well?"

"Yes, and all gone for Frank,

but Grand-ma, Mr. and Mrs. Esten and myself."

Camille was delighted at the intelligence, and the trio proceeded slowly homewards.

"Any news, Camille?" enquired Miss Charley. "You always get flying rumors at the hospitals."

"There is one this evening," was the reply. "A large number of wounded are expected to arrive at the Hospital some time to-night. All the force that can be obtained will be needed, and they have promised to send me word if the wounded really come."

Mr. Fontaine said nothing, but a skillful reader of one's thoughts would have discovered in the young gentleman's expression, a perfect willingness to change places with any of the said wounded, for the sake of being waited on by the beautiful young nurse.

They arrived at the door of the Colonel's residence, and appreciating the desire of the family to be alone, Mr. Fontaine requested permission to call the next day, and made a reluctant bow to his lovely companions.

Tea was delayed until the arrival of the travelers, and in the meantime the girls repaired to the chamber which they occupied together, and seating themselves on the floor in front of the glowing fire, prepared in regular girl fashion, for a good long talk.

"Mr. Fontaine is very handsome," said Miss Charley, "plunging the poker into a small mass of Richmond coal and causing it to send up a brilliant blaze, "isn't he?"

"Yes—no—I really never noticed—he's very agreeable and well-bred," said Camille, rather absently.

"Yes, he is!" persisted her companion, still at work on the tempting lump of coal, "But do you know, Camille, it seems to me that all other men are only foils to show off the Professor? I don't say this because I love him," the young lady went on, while a glow not produced by the fire spread over her fair face, "for with me love, instead of being blind, is unusually clear-sighted, but he *is* the best, and the truest, and the sweetest that ever was!"

"And so handsome and refined," said Camille, heartily. "His face always reminds me of the heads you sometimes see on very fine cameos, and somehow, after I have been looking at it, I find myself thinking of grand old pictures of Saints and Martyrs in dim Cathedrals, or of the days of Chivalry and the old English Knights."

"Camille," said Charley, "I'll tell you a sort of a secret that you may see his noble air is a natural possession. The last steamer that came in brought letters which told him of a settlement of an old suit in Chancery—a sort of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce affair—which is decided in his favor. Unlike its prototype, the costs have not swallowed the estate, which is a splendid one in Scotland, besides lots of good gold guineas in the Bank of England subject to his orders."

"I am truly glad, Charley," said Camille, "very glad."

"That isn't all, Camille; there is a title which goes with the estate, and he takes it by resum-

ing his mother's maiden name, Douglas, and he whom we call the Professor, may, if he choose, be saluted as Sir James Douglas·"

"Sir James and Lady Douglas!" said Camille, laughing, "wouldn't it sound grandly?"

"Very," said the future Lady Douglas. "If ever the old family motto was applicable to any of its members, it is to him! 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true!'" and the girl's voice pronounced the words as if she were kissing them.

"Charley," said Camille, in a low, choked voice, "do not love him too much—if you do you will be sure to lose him!"

Charley put her arms round Camille and drew her head down to her supporting shoulder.

"I think," she said softly, "Camille, we are all too prone to make idols of what we love and then of course we must be punished. I used to blame aunt Liza for idolizing Frank, but I did not know then that I was doing the same thing with respect to others, and now I pray every night and morning to be delivered from this my besetting sin!"

"I see so much misery at the hospitals," said Camille, "that I am warned of the danger of trusting treasures to earthly vessels. Poor fellows, they are all idols of somebody, and I often think how many women they are making cry for them. And, oh! Charley, such fortitude, such superhuman endurance! If they would only complain, I could bear better to see their sufferings! But not a word, not a groan, not a murmur, only an intense desire to be well enough to go back to the army and Mars Robert, as they call him! Oh! Charley, there never were such men as our soldiers!"

"Never!" said Miss Preston, with emphatic earnestness. "Oh! there they come!" and she rushed through the passage down to the steps, with frantic haste, calling her grandmother and Mrs. Esten as she ran, and closely followed by Camille.

Charley was about to spring forward to the hall door when it was opened and the Professor and Dr. Truman, a surgeon well known to them all, entered, bearing between them an object which seemed more like a bundle of limp rags than a human being. As they approached the steps on which the ladies stood, the blanket wrapped round their burden dropped off and revealed that the pitiable subject of their care was all that remained of the gay, handsome, lighthearted Frank Leigh.

Could that pale, cadaverous creature, a mass of bones almost protruding through the skin, drawn over them like parchment, with eyes that looked up with the expression of a famished tiger, with limbs shrunken and withered like those of a very old man, with hair that lay in a rough matted mass on his head, and beard hanging in neglected luxuriance on his face, with hands and feet—those beautiful aristocratic hands and feet—dwindled and cramped with frost bites, with rags noisome in their filthiness and scarcely sufficing to conceal the skeleton form of their wearer, could this wreck of God's handi-

work, made by man's cruelty, be Frank, the cherished darling of the house?

"Frank, dear, dear Frank," said Miss Charley, as she sprang forward and threw her arms around the neck of the wretched youth, showering upon him a sister's caresses. "Frank, cheer up, you are at home now!"

He turned his glazed eyes upon her and a sort of recognition came over them, but he said nothing.

"Let him alone now my —— Miss Charley," said the Professor tenderly, "he is not able to notice you yet."

"They have ruined my boy!" said Mrs. Leigh with a burst of bitterness; "their fiendish cruelty has destroyed his body and wrecked his mind. Oh! may a mother's curse —" A soft hand was laid on her lips, and Camille whispered, "'Vengeance is mine—I will repay, saith the Lord!'—leave them to Him!"

"Wife, they've ruined our boy," said the colonel, with a great sob in his voice. "He did'nt know me or his mother!"

"Please God, we will soon have him well," said the lady; "take him up to his room, Professor. Ben, go and assist in taking care of your young master. Please call me as soon as you are ready for me. Come, Eliza, come with me and compose yourself so as to nurse your child—you know the only way!" and folding her arm around her daughter, the stately and pious mistress of Southside took the weeping mother away.

"Colonel, pour out a little brandy, please," said Dr. Truman, "Leigh is fainting I fear."

The Colonel attempted to execute the request, but his hand trembled, and Camille, taking the bottle, poured out the requisite quantity and presented it to the young surgeon.

He attempted to pour it down the throat of the senseless Frank, but it gurgled up again, and then ran out of the corners of his pale, parched lips.

"Oh! is he dead?" asked Camille in a frightened whisper.

"No, not yet," said the surgeon gently, "but he is only a hair's breadth from it. Lift him up, Professor, please. You take his feet," he continued to Ben, "and go forward."

"Lor, Marster, I can't take Mas Frank up feet foremost, Sir," said Ben, recoiling.

"No matter now, Ben," said the Professor, "go on and be as careful as possible."

Slowly and silently the sad procession moved up the steps and into the room, which had been prepared by such loving hands, and laid down the wasted remains of the gallant boy on the pretty bed waiting to receive him.—Senseless and wretched, maimed and ruined, he lay as if dead, while his relations and friends stood around him in an agony of grief too deep for expression, and this was Frank Leigh's coming home!

The Professor bent down over him, and laying his hand on the pale forehead, repeated the inquiry which Camille had made.

"He still lives," said the surgeon, "and I see no danger of immediate death. His nervous

system is completely destroyed by the course of infernal cruelty he has received, and his physical one is in but little better condition. Care and nursing will do much for him, and fortunately for him, he can get both, and of the best kind."

Under the directions of the physician such measures were resorted to as soon removed all traces of outward neglect from the semi-conscious Frank, and when his mother and grandmother were summoned to his room, he looked somewhat like their old Frank in the exquisite neatness and elegance of his personal appearance. They took their stations at each side of his bed, and watched over him as tenderly as if he had been an infant.

"May I come in?" asked a soft voice at the door, and the Professor opening it, admitted Miss Charley. It was a peculiarity of that young lady always to be most bright and cheerful, when those she loved were saddest and most in need of her sustaining and animating services. Consequently, now that the elder part of the family was in a state of grief, which tended to paralyze their efforts and militate against Frank's recovery, Miss Preston came to the rescue with a gayety and lightness of spirit as well sustained as Uncle Jack's declaration of independence has been.

"I declare, Grandpa," she exclaimed to that gentleman who sat with his head buried in the blankets, at the foot of Frank's bed, "you all remind me of a party of owls or ravens! Here Frank is at home, alive, and with every prospect of recovery, and you all show your gratitude and happiness by looking as if General Lee had been beaten or President Davis captured! Why, you havn't even brushed his hair, and he looks like the twin brother of a grizzly bear! I'll soon set that to rights. May I, Doctor Truman?"

"Certainly, Miss Preston—the more nursing and attention Capt. Leigh receives the faster he'll get well."

Miss Charley walked to the bureau, and taking the fanciful new comb and brush which his mother's fondness had provided, seated herself on the side of the bed, and by the aid of bay water, much brushing, and a still greater amount of gentleness and patience, succeeded in restoring Frank's luxurious locks to something of their old glossy brightness.

"Aunt Liza, give me a pair of scissors," she said, "I must take off enough of this ferocious moustache to at least let him eat soup in comparative comfort."

"Well, child," said her grandfather, unable to resist her bright influence, "I never expected to see you a barber!"

"I understand my trade sir, don't I?" she replied archly, "Just look how I have improved Frank. Let me alone and I'll have him his old self in less than a week; won't I, Mrs. Esten?"

The last remark was addressed to that lady who came into the room holding an open note.

"I have just received this," she said, "from the Chief Matron of the Hospital. The wounded have arrived, and she begs Camille to

come and assist her. She is most desirous to go, but as Mr. Esten is quite unwell, I am unwilling for her to go with the escort the matron sent."

"I will take her, Mrs. Esten," said the Professor, rising from the the chair in which he had sunk, overcome with fatigue.

"Oh! Professor," said Charley, "you are too tired!"

"Not at all, Miss Charley, and only glad to be of some service to those who need it so much. I will go at once," he continued, and left the room.

As he reached the landing place of the now deserted passage, and was just descending the first step, his progress was pleasantly impeded by a pair of soft arms slipped like a noose round his neck, by some person just above him on the landing. Turning so as to equalize positions by bringing the attacking party on the same step with himself, he held it with a force that effectually detained it.

"Professor," said the reddest and sweetest of lips, "I love you so much!"

"Do you, my darling?" said the Professor, applying a styptic which sent the color of the lips up several degrees in brightness.

"You are so good—so good to me and all of us!" and a little hand stole into his.

"Strange, for a man to cherish his own, his very own? isn't it, my Charley?" he asked, ignoring, as was his custom, all self merit.

The appearance of Camille from the dining room, where she had been engaged in filling her basket with such things as she thought would be needed, prevented further reply, and she and the Professor soon started off on their way to the Hospital, accompanied by Dr. Truman, who joined the party as a volunteer.

They walked rapidly, and before long, reached the Hospital, and pressing through the crowd which surrounded the ambulances, at its principal entrance, passed through a private door, and went on to the wards. A ghastly sight the latter presented, and one from which a woman might well have shrunk fainting away.

But there was no appearance of horror or weakness in the women who were standing by the low white cots, assisting the surgeons by every possible means that tender consideration could suggest, and cheering by every hopeful or kindly word, the agonies of the torn and mangled forms around them.

Camille laid off her hat and wrappings, and at once busied herself in her gentle duties, losing all consciousness of her own feelings in the absorbing interest she felt for others. She had stopped at a cot cut off from the rest of the ward by a sort of recess, and arranged it for the inmate who might be brought to it, with a care and nicety peculiar to all she did, and then passing to another, bent down to wipe the damp forehead of a youth, a mere child, who lay there.

The boy, a young South Carolinian, and the darling of some proud home, opened his soft brown eyes, and tried to thank her, but the blood gushed out of his mouth,

and placing his hand on his breast, he smiled feebly, and shook his head; divining his wishes, she raised the covering and saw under his uniform of tattered grey, a frightful wound, which had actually torn his breast to pieces, and from which the blood was welling with a rapidity that showed its life current would soon be dry. Taking her handkerchief, Camille pressed it into the gaping wound, and poured a little wine down the pale lips of him who lay so lamb-like in his anguish.

"Doctor, please come here," she exclaimed, "this is an urgent case."

"And a hopeless one!" muttered the surgeon. "He cannot live ten minutes. I am called to attend to an amputation and cannot stay," and he went on his round of duty.

Ten minutes between the boy and Eternity! He had heard the words of the physician; and he turned his large liquid eyes on Camille with a look of blank horror and yearning entreaty which almost made her frantic in the consciousness of her utter inability to save him.

"Ten minutes are all sufficient with God," she whispered, raising the curly head softly on her arm. "Have you learned to know your Saviour?"

A smile of surpassing sweetness passed over his face, and he raised his eyes upwards. "He is by you and will receive you to heaven where there is no pain," she said, in a voice as soft as his own sister could have used. "Shall I pray for you?" His eyes assented, and kneeling down, she began the sublime words of the "Prayer for a sick person at the point of departure," in which the departing soul is commended to the hands of its "faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour."

The dying boy tried to fold his hands, and Camille placed them over his mangled breast as his mother had done when she first taught his baby lips to lisp "Our Father."

"That it may be presented pure and without spot before Thee!" prayed the girl. A slight sound arrested her, and looking into the fair young face beside her, she saw that the spirit which had animated it, was not in need of any earthly petition, but had passed to the immediate presence of the God who gave it!

She closed the soft eyes, drew up the white sheet over the face scarcely less white, and going to the sheltered and still unoccupied cot, buried her face in it to hide the tears which streamed from her lovely eyes.

They were still flowing when the sound of footsteps, which indicated that those who advanced bore a heavy burden, came along the ward, passed the cot of the dead boy and then stopped.

"All the cots are occupied," said a voice she recognized as Dr. Truman's, "and we must have one to place him on, or I cannot amputate his arm, and his life depends on its immediate removal. Call two of the nurses and let them take this poor fellow to another place. The dead must give place to the living."

Camille stepped out of her con-

cealment. "Lay the wounded man here," she said.

"Ah! Miss Esten," said the doctor, addressing her by the name he had instinctively applied to her, "I'm glad you're here. I want a cool and efficient woman to take care of Major La Fronde, whose life hangs by a thread, and is one well worth preserving."

For an instant there was the sound of a woman's voice in a sob of supreme anguish, and then almost before it had fallen on the air, it was hushed, and Camille, resolute and calm, replied:

"You can depend on me; what shall I do?"

"Bathe his forehead—he is insensible, and I trust he will remain so until I amputate his arm. He is the most gallant fellow!"

They had removed his coat, and laid him down on the bed, which Camille had so unconsciously prepared for him, and all had left him, the men to other duty, the surgeon to procure his instruments.

Camille hung over him in an ecstacy of love and anguish.—There he lay, her own, her life's idol, her wedded husband, whom she loved with a love that was more than life, for whose return to her she had never ceased to pray with untiring fervor, and for so long. Pale, senseless, a wound on his forehead, from which the dark blood dripped in a sluggish stream down on his beautiful face, his left arm shattered by a shell, and hanging, limp as the sleeve which held it, at his side, and death so near him that only a thread intervened—this was the answer to all her prayers—this was the way in which Loui was restored to her.

She wiped away the blood from his clammy brow, and laid her cheek against it, while, with an agony of earnestness, in which the emotions and energies of centuries were condensed into a minute, she prayed — not that Loui might be spared, not that he might love her, not that she might be taken with him, but that God's will might be done to the uttermost, and she be imbued with requisite strength to bear what her Heavenly father might decree.

Oh! the sublime, the inexpressible comfort of prayer, of soaring with a single bound from earth to the golden throne of heaven, and pleading with God's almighty essence!

Prayer is the true Prometheus which scales the skies, and brings the glories of heaven into the immediate grasp of humanity, but unlike the efforts of the Titan, entails upon itself and its participants no penalty but blessings.

Camille proved its efficacy, and felt a strength spring up in her soul which lifted it above the quivering flesh, and imbued it with some of the attributes of its grand original source.

Dr. Truman returned alone, bearing under his arm a box whose contents Camille knew too well, and from which she had previously turned with a sickening horror.

"Miss Esten," said the surgeon, "are you equal to assisting at an amputation? I hope so, for owing to the great number of wounded, and the non arrival of some of

the ambulance corps, I actually cannot get one soul to help me, and I require assistance here.—Can you be a heroine?"

"I can try to be a Christian," she said quietly. "Tell me exactly what to do and I will do it. But, Doctor, will he suffer much?" and a look of mortal agony came into her eyes.

"Scarcely anything, if he suffer at all, thanks to chloroform. You must hold this bottle to his nostrils and remove it or replace it as a movement of my head indicates. One nod to remove, two nods to replace." The surgeon nodded his head twice and Camille applied the bottle simultaneously.

With his scissors, the surgeon cut through the snowy sleeve of the shirt and fine merino one beneath, and slipping them over the beautiful clenched hand, exposed the full extent of the wound. It was a frightful one; the flesh was literally torn from the bone and in some places burned almost to a crisp, while the broken bones protruded in several places and the centre one was crushed to splinters in two places, one above and one below the elbow. Camille looked at it, closed her eyes, and then fastened them on the surgeon's face.

"Doctor," she said, as the surgeon tested the keenness of his knife on his forefinger, "is there no possibility of saving the arm? Can utter devotion to it on my part avail, if so, do not amputate it, but leave it to God and me!"

"It is impossible, Miss; gangrene would ensue in two hours, and La Fronde be dead in as many more. Look at the arm and you will see that no man could exist with such an appendage. Are you ready?"

"Go on," she said, and her voice did not quiver.

No sound followed but the slight half audible passage of the knife through the lacerated flesh, until a fine and intolerably grating noise announced that the surgeon was sawing through the crushed and splintered bone. Loui groaned slightly, and in response to the two quick nods of the surgeon, Camille re-applied the chloroform.

A short interval and the once superb arm was severed from the body, the arteries were taken up, the stump carefully attended to, and Loui lay on his pillow in blessed unconsciousness of his great loss.

Camille drew the covering tenderly around him, and, as she did so, saw the severed arm lying with such mute eloquence before her. She stooped down and kissed the waxen hand, and two hot tears dropped from her eyes, and fell upon its marble surface.

"Too late to cry now, Miss Esten," said the surgeon cheerfully, desirous in his great admiration for the girl's heroic conduct, to relieve her as much as possible. "The worst is over, and La Fronde will soon be out of danger. You are a girl of a thousand, Miss Esten, and I shall tell La Fronde what you have been to him."

"I am not Miss Esten, doctor," she said, while a deep flush came to her pale face,—"I am married, and Major La Fronde is my husband!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STEAM PLOUGHING.

FOWLER'S STEAM PLOUGH was patented some ten or more years ago in England and has gradually worked itself into public favor in that country until now it is there considered almost indispensable in the preparation of the soil for sowing and for the other heavy work of the farm. In addition to those in use by the occupiers of large farms there are a number of companies whose machines travel from farm to farm to do the work of those whose means do not justify the purchase of the machinery. These companies are making large profits, and the system on which they operate is quite applicable to this country. In July last I met a number of the managers of these companies at Bury St. Edmonds, England, at the British National Agricultural Show, and ascertained that in a majority of cases they had paid for their machinery out of the net profits of eighteen months work, and some of them of a single year.

During a somewhat lengthy sojourn in England I paid much attention to this subject, and in addition to the public exhibitions at agricultural fairs, &c., I saw steam ploughing going on upon many farms in different parts of Great Britain, and from my own observations became satisfied of its great success. Englishmen of all classes are chary of adopting new inventions until they have been thoroughly tested and approved, and of all classes of Englishmen, agriculturalists are the least prone to ruin themselves by an indulgence in doubtful and expensive novelties. The uniform appreciation of Fowler's invention by this class of practical farmers therefore seemed to be of some value, so far as the question concerns England. If successful there, I know nothing in the nature of our soil, productions or the surface of our country that would argue unfavorably as to its success here.—On the contrary, I am satisfied there is no country in the world where steam can be more profitably applied to the cultivation of the soil than in this country, particularly in the great prairie States of the west, and upon such lands of the southern and middle States as have been in cultivation a sufficient length of time to be free of stumps and roots. At all events, I am about to make the experiment and have now *en route* for Decatur, Illinois, a complete set of Fowler's best apparatus in the neighborhood of which I design locating.

It is probably not known that the rapid progress made in Egypt in the production of cotton has, in no small degree, resulted from the extensive use of steam ploughs. The present enlightened ruler of that country early appreciated their value, and now has in use, on his own lands, two hundred and fifty of Fowler's tackle, with which he is making marvelous progress in enthroning King Cotton in the valley of the Nile.

These ploughs are also being

successfully introduced into India, Australia, New Zealand, and Asia Minor, besides most of the countries of Western Europe.—Sooner or later, I feel sure my countrymen will see their merits, and adopt them, but it is an unusual circumstance to find them, usually so much on the alert in matters of this kind, so slow to adopt steam cultivation. It is scarcely to be expected that steam will ever perform the marvels for agriculture that it has for navigation and locomotion upon land, but there is little doubt that it is destined to become an efficient and powerful agricultural agency, and to relieve the overtaxed horse and man of the hardest part of their task.

THE SYSTEM,

without going into minute details, consists of two engines placed on opposite sides of the field to be ploughed, and the plough, harrow, or cultivator as may be required, is drawn first by one and then by the other engine, across the field, at the speed of five or six miles an hour, by means of an iron wire rope wound upon a vertical drum placed under the boiler. While one engine is drawing the plough, the other is unwinding its rope, and taking up a position, so as to be opposite to the new "land." To economize time at the ends of the furrow, the plough is made double, so that while one set of ploughs is in the ground, the other set is in the air, and at the end of the furrow they reverse positions and return to the other side of the field without turning around.

A cheaper tackle of the same inventor, but not quite so effective, consists of a single engine, and an anchor placed on the opposite side of the field. Both the engine and anchor are furnished with vertical *clip* drums, around which an endless wire rope passes, but is not wound up *on* the drum as in the double engine plan. The "clips" on the drums prevent the slackening of the rope in the direction of the plough. The anchor, by means of an ingenious system of cog work, pulls itself up *pari passu* with the engine, by means of a rope carried forward and fastened to the ground by an iron claw.

The engines, by their locomotive power, move along the headlands, change position, or travel upon the ordinary roads, drawing all their implements with them, at the rate of three or four miles per hour.

ITS PERFORMANCES

depend upon many conditions, such as the nature and quality of the soil to be worked, the number of ploughs in the "gang," &c. In the first breaking of prairie land it is probable that not more than six furrows can be turned at once, but in old fields and friable soils, eight, or even ten furrows may be turned. The largest plough that has yet been tested, turns eight furrows. My largest turns but six. With the eight furrow plough, I have seen one acre and a half, per hour, accomplished during the twelve working hours, or eighteen acres per day. With the six and four furrow ploughs, of course, it

would be proportionately less.—With the nine tine cultivator, such as I use, I have seen four and a half acres "cultivated" in an hour. The average of four acres, an hour, could probably be kept up throughout the day. With my thirteen foot harrow, perhaps fifty or sixty acres a day might be accomplished. The harrow is sometimes attached to the plough, thus performing the two tasks by one pull of the engines.

The force required to work this tackle consists of two men to work the engines, one plough man and one man to drive the water-cart and fetch fuel. If a single engine is used, one man is required to see to the anchor, although that is not absolutely necessary, as the ploughman can do this.—One man, (a boy capable of half work will do) is employed to keep the wire rope from dragging over the ground, by placing and keeping it on "rope porters," light three wheeled vehicles, with open pulleys for the rope to traverse. This hand, where labor is scarce, can be dispensed with, although it is best to employ him as the rope otherwise wears much more rapidly and there is necessarily more friction.

ITS COST

as compared to other modes of cultivation must determine the question of its success or failure, as it must necessarily do of all inventions designed to increase production. In England and other countries where Fowler's plough has been tested, it has been found to do the work cheaper than it can be done by the use of horses. That the work is done much more thoroughly and that the yield of the land is increased is also a known result of using steam.—For instance, sub-soiling by horse power is an extremely expensive operation, whereas with steam it is only necessary to turn a screw and your plough is set for any depth you may require, from one inch to eighteen inches.

Besides ploughing, "cultivating," harrowing, &c., the engines, which are of the best materials and workmanship, when not required for the field, may be used for threshing, grinding, sawing, ginning or any of the purposes to which steam is ordinarily applied.

A double engine set, (14 horse power) complete in all its appointments of ploughs, harrows, cultivators, &c., landed at any of the Atlantic or Gulf ports, would cost about $10,000 in gold; a single engine set of the same horse power, about $6,500. These figures would vary somewhat with the number and description of the ploughs, cultivators, &c., required to suit the peculiarities of the soil and crops to be cultivated.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

WHEN the records of the present century are penned by the Muse, who vaunts herself to be philosophy, teaching by experience, she will have no lack of the latter requisite. Her future pupils will find the record of this age teeming with startling political changes in nations; with mental and moral reforms that we class under the cant name of progress, and with wars whose novelty of origin and magnitude of conception are only equalled by their peculiar and romantic surroundings.

These last—whether waged in Central Europe, on the frozen wastes of the Crimea, the fertile plains of Italy, or the rugged table-lands of Abyssinia — will carry the thinker back to those strange convulsions of a half-civilized society that produced the Crusaders and their like; for more than one of them is founded on a theory, rather than a cause, and is tinctured with fanaticism—if fanaticism be the pursuit of an end regardless of means or of results.

Such is the English Expedition against Theodorus, "King of Kings, and Emperor of Abyssinia."

It is not a war for capture of fresh territory, to punish him, or to reclaim the captives in his power, and procure them indemnity for long durance, so much as it is a war for an idea —— British prestige in the east.

The expedition into an unexplored and difficult region, with water scarce and transportation almost impracticable; against a people of whose habits nothing is known, but that they are warlike and fierce—is an experiment at best. Whatever its results, we can but conceive that it will be costly in men, material and treasure. But whether it punish the insolent Ras, whether it release the prisoners, or whether it accomplish any of its ostensible objects—it will at least effect the main one. It will pay for itself in the future, and save many a life, and many an ugly complication in English policy by upholding the prestige of the English name in the East.

And the blow struck at Massowah will resound at Aden and in the heart of British India.—Scarcely four months since, the English Resident, at Aden, telegraphed that the Emperor Theodorus refused finally to give up his prisoners. Immediately an expedition was determined on, and already we hear of its landing at Massowah, and advancing inland, while the Ras has burned his entrenched position, and capital, at Debra Tabor, and retreated before it.

To appreciate the condition of Abyssinia and the consequent difficulties that will surround the expedition sent there, a glance at the position and early history of that country may be essential, before going into the details of the quarrel with England.

Abyssinia is a tract of mountains and table land lying in Eastern Africa, between Egypt and the Red Sea. Its area is some 300,000 square miles, between 7 deg. 40 minutes and 15 deg. 40 minutes N. Latitude and 35 deg. and 43 deg. E. Longitude, with an average elevation of between 8,000 and 9,000 feet above the sea. In this area, about twice and a half that of the British Islands, it is computed there are some three and a half millions of inhabitants, averaging some twelve souls to the square mile.

This estimate, however, like the computed area is in part matter of speculation; for the nomadic and often fierce character of some of the tribes renders access to them and their homes a matter of difficulty and danger.

This tract of table land is watered by two great rivers, the *Abai* (or *Bahr el Azrek*, Blue River,) and the *Tacazze;* the former being the eastern branch of the Nile and a source of much consideration to explorers and geographers.

There are besides numerous small water courses, at times overflowing and again dry; but these seem to run in groups and frequently for long distances, no water is found. Most of the water courses, too, run in deep and suddenly depressed valleys or canons.

The general climate of Abyssinia, like its principal products, resembles that of the temperate, rather than of the torrid zone.—Fearfully hot on the low slope trending from the table land towards the Red Sea, and also along the line of the depressed water courses; cold and bleak in the higher mountain ranges—its general temperature on the table land is delicious, having a range between 45 deg. and 67 deg. of the thermometer.

Even with the little attention given to agriculture, amid their nomadic life, the Abyssinians have a surplus of grain, and dress products, and raise a quantity of cattle. They have also some skill in manufactures, making in their cities cloth of good quality, both from flax and cotton; tanning hides and fashioning metals. There is also a little silk, but it is made and worn only by the Mohammedan women. A few guns are made also by the Greek residents, but the natives know nothing of this branch of industry.

For a thorough knowledge of this subject, we have no use here. The commerce of the country is naturally limited, as it is all carried by caravans over a rough country to Massowah, the chief port, forty miles from the eastern boundary. The principal exports are tanned hides, ivory, some gold, slaves, both male and female, and horns of musk.

Since the steam navigation of the Red Sea, the inconsiderable commerce of Massowah has been sought both by the French and English with jealous persistence; and in this effort by the latter, were sown the first seeds of the present trouble.

Of the early history of Abyssinia, we know literally nothing certain.

The people themselves claim their country was founded by the

Jews, and that their first Emperor was a son of Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba.

It is also claimed that they are a mixed race of Ethiopians and Arabs—a deduction from an Arabic name, common among them, *Habesh*, signifying mixed people. Some of the tribes still call their country *Ityopayawan* (*Ethiopa:*) but from Tellez we get the native name, *Abexius*, Latinized into *Abassia*, *Abessinos*.

The general language of the country — the native tongue — is *Geez*, a mixture of Arabic and Ethiopian ; but Arabic of the purest kind is spoken in almost all parts of the country.

Though there are three distinct types of race, the main bulk of the people is doubtless Caucasian. It is a great error to confound the Abyssinian with the Negro. The former are of medium size, but gracefully and lithely made, with straight noses, arched nostrils, and thin lips. Their eyes, too, are fine and intelligent, their complexions clear coffee color—or rather the color of *café-au-lait*—and with fine straight hair. In fact, there are no negroes in Abyssinia, except the slaves captured in war with the negro tribes west of them. The women, of this race, are both in face and form, far the most beautiful of all African people.

There is a second race, scarcely distinguishable from those just described, save by a slightly more aquiline nose, a more sluggish expression of eye, and a tendency to curly, or wooly hair. These characteristics belong principally to the tribes inhabiting the North and North Eastern uplands of the Kingdom of Tigré. They are fierce and more inhospitable than the inhabitants of any other part of the country.

The third race are the Gallas, who constitute the mass of the population in the Southerly and South Western districts. Short, stout, and round bodied, they have snub noses and depressed features, with kinky hair and a likeness sufficiently close to the negro races to account for the popular error in that regard.—They are the Swiss of Abyssinia, and may be found in the wars of any of the tribes, fighting against each other for the chance of plunder.

With a conglomerate and half civilized race, nomadic in its traits, and almost cut off from communication with other people, it is easy to understand why Abyssinia has ever been in a state of anarchy and war, until the strong hand of Theodorus crushed it into something like a form of government.

The first reliable knowledge we have of the people is from the Portuguese Jesuits who went over from 1550 to 1640.

In the time of Constantine, the descendants of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba were converted to Christianity; and at the visit of the Jesuits they were nominally Coptic Christians with a Bishop, or *Abuna* appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The Christian spirit, however, did not prevent constant wars between the lesser chiefs, or *Ras'* of each district who owned but nominal allegiance to the puppet of an

Emperor, set up by the strongest at one hour, only to be knocked down by his rival the next.—About the year 1500, a bold Filibuster named Mahomet Gragne—a Sultan of Adal, collected the freebooting tribes and conquered large tracts of country. His power became so formidable that the then Emperor sent to Portugal offering alliance to the King and submission to the Pope, if troops were sent to his aid. Four hundred soldiers with a quantity of arms and munitions of war were sent; the rebel Gragne was defeated and killed and comparative quiet was restored. But it seems the influence of the Mother Church kept Abyssinia in as great a ferment as it had ever been. The Foreign Priests got the ear of the Emperor, made him their perfect tool and governed the country. Had they been content with this they might to this day have been in full control; but they were not satisfied with the temporal power alone, but sought to overturn the tenets of the Coptish Church.—The people rose against this, and aided by the Coptish Priests, made so decided a show of resistance that, after a long struggle, the Emperor was obliged in 1632 to give way and expel the Foreign Priests.

Then ensued a state of anarchy, lawlessness and war—accompanied by more than the usual horrors of barbarous warfare—for more than a hundred years.

Amid all the disturbances the country finally drifted into three principal kingdoms—Shoa, Tigré and Amhara—each under an absolute monarch, or Ras, who governed his people and exacted revenue from them at his own will alone. The puppet Emperor was still the nominal head of the government; but he was made by and was a creature of the Ras of Gondar (the capital of Amhara) and had none of the power and little of the state of his supposed ancestor, Solomon. He had a bare pittance allowed him from the revenues wrested from the people by the independent chiefs; and on the slightest pretext was removed and a successor appointed to suit the pleasure of his savage Barons. To show the frequency of these changes, there were at one time nine persons living, who had worn the Abyssinian purple.

This was the state of things as described by Poncet—a French physician who went to cure the Emperor near the end of the 17th century—and by Bruce who visited the country some eighty years later.

The statements of these, as well as of other travelers, though correct in the main, must yet be taken *cum grano salis;* for the difficulty of transportation and safe conduct among savages constantly at war, necessarily prevented accuracy of detail.

Bruce, for instance, describes the people as plunged in the lowest depths of barbarism and addicted to licentiousness and debauchery. His well known story of the feasts, where a live bullock is driven to the door, huge slabs cut from his bleeding haunch and devoured to the music of the bellowing of the animal, needs verification. In time of war, soldiers

are said to drive a beef before them, cutting a slice each day and avoiding the arteries that the animal may not die; but even this is not well authenticated. Besides, our own Indians have been known to adopt this method when hard pressed on the war path. But that it is a national habit in time of peace is more than doubtful.

Licentiousness, especially among the higher classes, is declared common by all writers; and drunkenness is universal at the end of feasts.

But Salt—who denies the Bruce story—tells us that during a long residence at Chelicut, he was intimate with the Ras. This Prince had a court jester, musician, historian and artist—and was a patron of art and literature. In witness, Salt brought out manuscript books, and some not despicable drawings of native origin.

In pursuit of the commerce of Abyssinia for which, as before stated, it was vieing with the French—the English government, in 1841, sent a half military, half diplomatic mission to the Emperor. It availed little but to give a clearer idea of the unsettled and ungoverned condition of the country.

In 1848, Mr. Plowden was sent to Abyssinia as consul, was received by Ras Ali—Theodore's predecessor—and next year concluded a treaty with him. Mr. Plowden kept on good terms with the Emperor and managed to preserve a neutrality in the civil wars, so that, although a protegé of Ras Ali, he was not inimical to the "coming man," Theodorus.

Up to five years before his sudden elevation, the young man who was to become "King of Kings, and Emperor of Abyssinia," was utterly unknown. Under the name of Dejatz Kassai he was then sent by Ras Ali to take charge of some province of Senaar, but simply as the agent of the Queen Mother. Once established here, he rebelled against her authority; and by active electioneering among the Gallas, and wily diplomacy at Court, he succeeded in collecting a powerful party, at the same time, that he convinced Ras Ali of his friendly intentions. He had ability and cunning to pursue this course for three full years, when feeling strong enough, he threw off the mask and declared war against the Ras, marched against his fortified camp, and utterly defeated him.

Taking the place of the deposed king, Kassai directed his whole energy towards grasping supreme power, and so well did he succeed, that in 1855 he was crowned Emperor, at Gondar, by the hands of the Coptish Primate.

Promptly tightening the reins that chance and his own force of character had placed in his hands, Theodore—as the new Emperor called himself—soon reduced the country to something like order. He deprived the lesser chiefs of despotic power, abolished the trade in Christian slaves, and introduced a more decent style of dress and manners into his cities. So promising was the commencement of his rule that Consul Plowden wrote to the English government that an era of peace

and prosperity appeared to be dawning for Abyssinia.

But the new Emperor was a strange mixture. A wild fanatic, he believes himself a reappearance in the flesh of the Theodore, who was son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, that he is a champion sent from heaven to drive the Turk from Jerusalem and seat himself on the throne of Solomon. His inflated vanity is equal to his zeal. In sober earnest he assumed the title of "King of Kings," and believes that no sovereign of the earth equals him in greatness. In short, he is a wild zealot grafted on a cruel and irresponsible tyrant; a sort of half-baked Mahomet, who would carry his religion by the sword. And he makes the ugly mistake of supposing that all opposed to him are opposed to religion—and treating them accordingly.

In short, Mr. Plowden's congratulations were so little founded that King Theodore soon proved more of a curse than a blessing. The half subdued tribes writhed under the strong hand, and once more a pretender to the throne, Tadela Gawala, by name—has drawn a party around him and made head against the "King of Kings." In view of the British invasion, it may be that this enemy of the king will gain power sufficient to overthrow him.

A moment's reflection will convince us that the stories, of the great power the Emperor can bring to oppose the English, are wild in the extreme. Some of these place his available fighting force at 300,000 men.

Even were the country perfectly united under his control, and were he able to levy forces from the wild tribes of the North East and the South, it is hardly possible he could raise more than a fourth of that number. Taking the whole of the population at three and a half millions, this would give as large an aggregate as civilized nations, with all the machinery of conscription, are enabled to employ.

The other estimate gives nearly one soldier for every ten souls—a ratio never reached but once in the history of warfare. In 1864, when the immense pressure from without warned the Confederate leaders that *every* man must go to the front, the States of the South left their fields untilled and their firesides unguarded to send *one in ten of their white population* to battle for their liberties.

But this exhaustive effort—produced as it was by the inborn desire to die or be free, and directed by the most comprehensive details of muster and supply—drew forth exclamations of wondering admiration, even from the most thoroughly organized European governments.

Then, if with a divided and barbarous people, King Theodore's energy can put *one* man in the field for every fifty of his *immediate* subjects, it would be a remarkable result.

Abyssinia has ever been held in contempt by Egypt, even while that country was jealous and irritated at the forays upon her borders. These were constant, but inconsiderable, until Theodore's accession. Then the descendant of Solomon seriously

thought of conquest, and organized expeditions against his fat and flourishing neighbor.

These served to irritate—while they failed to alarm—said Pacha, who one day remarked to the American Envoy, in casual conversation—"some day I will send an expedition and crush this troublesome fellow."

This feeling, rather than any real need for it, doubtless caused the offer of an Egyptian contingent of 10,000 men, we hear referred to.

Whatever the policy of the British government may be, in refusing any alien aid, there can be little doubt that such an auxiliary force, trained, equipped and acclimatized, would be of great service.

That it is not with the Bombay army seems pretty conclusive evidence that the offer—if ever made—was an offer only, not a substance.

Such in brief is the monarch and the country against which the English government has just sent its expedition.

Whatever the results that may accrue from it; whatever the time or losses it may claim, there is still an odor of romance around it that will keep the eyes of the civilized world strained towards Massowah till its close.

The immediate causes of the war are briefly these.

About '55, Theodore refused to allow Consul Plowden to remain in Abyssinia, but was finally persuaded to consent and proposed to send an embassy to England.—He therefore requested Consul Plowden to ask if it would be received. Lord Clarendon approved of Mr. Plowden's course, and agreed to receive the embassy.—There seems to have been a hiatus in the negotiations for several years until Mr. Plowden's death in 1856. Theodore took a fierce revenge for the Consul's supposed murder by the Arabs, slaying the chief with his own hand and executing over a thousand of his followers.

Earl Russel then (1861) appointed Capt. Cameron Consul in Plowden's place, and wrote to the Emperor thanking him for his friendliness and assuring him of the good will of England. But Theodore had a great desire to secure that friendliness in more than words; and when Consul Cameron returned to England in '63, he bore a request from the King to know if his embassy would be received. This letter Earl Russel never answered; and Consul Cameron instead of returning to his consulate visited some Turkish tribes on the frontier. Meanwhile, he had quarreled with his secretary, M. Bardel, a Frenchman, who went into the King's service and plotted against England and her influence. Through him Theodore got exaggerated accounts of Cameron's indiscretions—doubtless great enough in truth—and of his attempts to stir up the Turks.

Therefore when Earl Russel wrote to Mr. Cameron, rebuking him for his conduct and ordering him to return to Gondar, the Emperor was much enraged. In addition to the visit to his Turkish enemies, Mr. Cameron came empty handed. He had no answer to the King's letter; so the latter,

with peculiar ideas of solving the difficulty, threw him into prison.

About the same time, he also imprisoned some twelve or fifteen other Europeans. Five of these latter, Messrs. Kerans, Flad, Rosenthal, Makeren and Sterne, he put in irons because, as he informed Mr. Rassaur later, "they had abused him;" and the rest he imprisoned because "they kept company with the latter."

Singular to say—although local efforts were made from Aden and Massowah—no formal effort was made by the British government to obtain the release of the prisoners until January, 1866.

For full two years the accredited consul of the British government, his secretary, three missionaries with their families and other persons claiming the protection of the British flag had been left in uncertain imprisonment in the hands of a half mad, and half barbarous zealot. Though this may, in part, be accounted for by the great difficulty of obtaining accurate information, it still shows a somewhat luke-warm state of feeling in the Downing street office.

At last, in January 1866, Mr. Hormudz Rassaur was sent with a small retinue to demand the release of the prisoners. Mr. Rassaur was a Turk, but an English subject, and had been once Acting Governor of Aden. He was probably the best person to send, but his mission was characterized by the error—and it was so declared by Colonel Mereweather, the Resident at Aden—of sending a small and unimposing embassy to a savage prince, whose ideas would all be attracted by superficial display.

An imposing array of uniformed officials, hedged with ceremonial and representing to Theodore's imagination the reflection of the great power of the Western Queen might have been effectual.

Mr. Rassaur and his suite, he threw into prison.

He, however, released Mr. Flad—one of the imprisoned missionaries—and sent him with a letter to England.

In this letter, Theodore, while professing the warmest admiration for England and its great power, plainly shows his insatiable pride and vanity. He addresses the Queen as an equal—uses the most flowery Eastern language, and demands, rather than requests, that skilled artisans may be sent to him, "to give light to our eyes." Holding the representative of the great power he pretended to venerate in durance, and substantially demanding the skilled labor he needed for the manufacture of arms, as a hostage for him, Theodore plainly showed that he felt his perfect ability to compel any conditions he demanded.

Mr. Flad, on reaching England in the summer of 1866, plainly and truthfully stated the whole case, with all the complicated causes that led to it. He strongly urged the Foreign Office to accede to Theodore's demands, and stated his opinion, in somewhat oriental terms, "that it is desirable to finish with this man in peace."

Colonel Mereweather, the Resident at Aden, backed Mr. Flad's

views, declaring that, in his belief, a straight-forward acceptance of the Emperor's proposal was the surest means of releasing the prisoners.

With these lights, the British Foreign Office, in September 1866, engaged artisans to go to Abyssinia, expended some twenty thousand dollars in peace presents to the Emperor, allowed Mr. Flad to write him both would be promptly sent, and seemed in a straight road to peaceful settlement of the vexed question.

Still it could not deal with the half savage monarch, save in the beaten and intricate paths of civilized diplomacy. A halt in the negotiations occurred. The Ministry refused to allow the artisans and presents to enter Theodore's dominions until the captives were sent to Massowah.

Meanwhile, Theodore received Mr. Flad's letter, stating that artisans and presents were on their way, and that he (Mr. Flad) had promised the Queen, in the Emperor's name, that the prisoners would be liberated. The "King of Kings," in great glee, wrote to Mr. Rassaur: "As Solomon, my ancestor, fell at the feet of Hiram, so I, beneath God, fall at the feet of your Queen, and of her government, and of her friends. I wish you to get them (the skilled artisans) by way of Matemma, in order that they may teach us clever arts. When this is done, I shall make you glad, and send you away by the power of God!"

In reply, Mr. Rassaur wrote that by orders of the Queen, they would be sent at once to Matemma.

This was in January 1867, and there seems little doubt — as the opinion of Col. Mereweather and Mr. Flad seems to confirm—that had the presents then gone on, Theodore would have held to his agreement. Diplomacy, however, obstructed the track, and the whole train of negotiations was thrown over.

From January to October, 1867, the presents and artisans were detained at Massowah, while useless efforts were made to get Theodore to send his prisoners there to meet them. What went on at his Court in this interval, we have little means of knowing, but it is believed he commenced a course of rigor and cruelty to his prisoners he had never before used. Vague reports got to the outer world of their removal from point to point, of their sufferings and of their execution, even. These were never confirmed and may never yet be cleared up.

It was in this interval, also, that Theodore wrote his famous letter to the Queen. Modestly stating that he was the greatest king, under God, as she was the greatest queen; that he had the divine mission to restore the true faith to the throne of Solomon, while she had the artisans and material to aid that great work—he gravely proposed to discard his favorite wife, and bind the fortunes of England and Abyssinia in a conjugal bond.

In the late summer and early fall of 1867, the English people began to tire of the diplomatic delays that had already cost three

years' liberty to some twenty English subjects, and might result in their butchery. Public opinion and the press drove the Ministry into action, and the expedition—which prompt action might most probably have saved,—was determined on.

Once inaugurated, no delay or circumlocution has hampered the policy of the War Office. Chief command of the expedition has been given to Sir Rob't Napier, an experienced and able Indian officer and now the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Presidency. An invading corps of 12,000 men—principally Indian troops supported by a small European contingent—was selected by him; all his arrangements were promptly seconded by the Home Government and we see him, by the 1st October, already landed and established on the enemy's territory.

Theodore has burnt his entrenched camp and capital at Debra Tabor and fled into the interior. But this amounts to little, as the instincts of his whole people are so thoroughly nomadic that the destruction of a town does not affect them at all.

Further than these bare facts, all is wild speculation.

We know the country is wild—almost a desert; that water is fearfully scarce along the table lands, and that transportation is therefore barely practicable. It is rational to suppose that the half-savage and illy trained mercenaries of Theodore would offer small resistance to the Bombay troops; but then the latter are chasing a mirage, and where one man may fall in actual fight, we may calculate a loss of twenty from privation and disease.

Then, too, the country is in a state of open revolt to Theodore; his capital has been threatened by his insurgent rival, Gobezie, and it is possible that by this time the latter is a new "King of Kings," anointed by the Abuna. It is also possible that Theodore has, ere this, been driven by the invasion to murder his captives.

Supposing both these contingencies facts—in that case against whom does Sir Robert Napier's expedition proceed?

It is in reality what the London papers characterize it—"a leap in the dark." And it is a long and very doubtful leap into very Egyptian blackness.

The war is not a popular one at home. The English papers calculate that every prisoner liberated will cost from £100,000 to £500,000. The War Office demands two millions of pounds "for the expenses of the present financial year." This increased expenditure comes home to the breeches' pocket of every Briton in the shape of a tax of one penny in the pound, with a probable addendum of two pence next year.

John Bull does not object to taxation; but in this war he does not see his way clear. He accepts the "leap in the dark" theory, and he kicks thereat; while he does not see that great good is to result from this mode of maintaining "British prestige in the East." If the expedition carries on desultory warfare for years and exterminates King Theodore and his faction in the end, it only

does what native Ras' do for each other every year. If it desolates towns, it only does what the people themselves do in their usual course of nomadic life. If it finally conquers Abyssinia and establishes an African as well as an Indian empire—*cui bono?* A vast and unproductive tract, sparsely settled, and without ports, would be an acquisition impossible to retain.

So John Bull spasmodically clasps his breeches' pockets and objects to the expedition.

That it will give to future history a romantic episode; that it will illustrate its pages with fresh deeds of British heroism and chivalry, relieved by fresh blunders in the commissariat and the Home Offices; and that it will shorten the loaf of laboring Englishmen are foregone conclusions.

That it will accomplish either object—the release of the prisoners, or the upholding "British prestige in the East"—is a matter for the future.

THE HAVERSACK.

THERE was not much good feeling betwen the Southern cavalry and infantry; and many a rough joke was passed between them. As usual, on such occasions, the champions who boasted most loudly of the prowess of their respective arms, were those, who had few exploits of their own to extol. To make a striking, but not very savory comparison, the contest between the braggarts about the relative pluck of the two arms was not unlike the dispute between Butler and Bingham about honesty and patriotism.

So rude were these jokes, that a bold trooper would rather charge a line of "boys in blue" than ride alone along a line of "boys in grey." The foot-soldier would be just as reluctant to trudge by, exposed to the jeers and taunts of a squadron of cavalry. An ex-cavalry man, who had rather not have his name appear, gives us his experience:

We had, as you know, some of the vilest saddles on earth, and as a consequence, a very large number of sore-backed horses. These became too numerous to guard, and "a loose horse with a scab on his back" was a familiar sight to every soldier of every arm of the service. It was just when there was the greatest number of these loose horses running at large, that I had to pass by ——'s brigade of infantry sitting on the ground at a rest. I nerved myself as well as I could to meet the annoyance. But, much to my surprise, no one seemed to notice me. I had to go very slowly to avoid knocking down the stacks of guns, but I had got half way down the line, and was congratu-

lating myself on my escape, when a voice from the head of the brigade sang out: "here comes a loose horse with a great big scab on his back!" My spurs got, somehow, into the flanks of my horse, there was a wild dash forward, and a big dash downward of divers and sundry stacks of guns, a roar in my ears, and the gauntlet was run.

Per contra, we get the retort of a trooper to a tormenting foot-soldier, which had a very quieting effect. Bill B. was supposed not to be very fond of war, having unfortunately taken sick just before every battle his regiment was engaged in, except a surprise fight which did not give him the usual time to report sick and get to the hospital. He was very talkative, however, about military matters and a severe critic upon military men: and doubtless according to the new standard for historic excellence, would have made an eloquent historian had he not spoiled all by being caught in one real fight. Now Bill B. was fond of taunting the cavalry with their love of spurs and running. A cavalry man passed our brigade one day, with an enormous pair of spurs. Bill stepped out to have some fun and he had it.

Bill B. Mister, dont it come quite nateral like for you to push them thar spurs into that 'ere hoss when you sees a Yankee?

Cavalry. (without turning his head.) Just as nateral as for a d—d fool to ask questions!

Exit Bill with heightened color and eyes on the ground.

We are indebted to W. F. A., 33d North Carolina regiment for the next seven anecdotes.

When our army was marching to meet the grand hero, who never saw the face of his foe, General ——, when in the vicinity of Orange C. H., got separated from his Staff and couriers, and after riding some distance came to a high fence upon which was perched a dirty, ragged specimen of the so-called, kicking his heels and whistling to himself.

Man on horseback. Let down this fence.

Man on fence. Let it down yourself.

Man on horseback. Do you know who I am?

Man on fence. No, and I dont care a red.

Man on horseback. I'm Gen. ——, commanding —— division.

Man on fence. Thank you for the information. I'm Phil Arnold, Co. K, 9th Louisiana regiment, and if you want that fence let down, let it down yourself.

Lieutenant N ——, of the 27th North Carolina regiment, is my authority for this. His company was from the mountains of Western North Carolina, and of course, very healthy and robust. About the third year of the war, an "ill-wind" from the Conscript Camp blew into this company a dirty, little, tallow-faced, post mortem looking fellow from Tar River. Post mortem created quite a sensation in camp, and was greeted on all sides with, "Mister, whar did you come from?" "Mister, who did dig you up?" "I say, Mister, up in the mountains, I

could go to a dozen grave-yards and dig up in every one of them, fifty better looking men nor you, but I wonld'nt do it. 'Tis a sin to rob a grave-yard. Mister, who robbed the grave-yard where you was buried?"

Captain A —— of the 33d N. C. regiment, Lane's brigade, commanded a company from that county which furnished an "iron-clad oath-taking," Marshal for the Federal Courts of the State. It will not surprise any one, therefore, to hear that 22 out of 27 of his men deserted in a single night just before the surrender. The morning after this occurrence, an Irishman in the Yankee service mounted the breast-works just at daylight and began bawling.

"Captain A! Captain A! Captain A!" The very boldness of the thing kept him from being shot, by exciting a desire to know his object.

"What do you want with Capt. A?" asked some one in reply.

"Tell him, if he'll come over to our side, and take command of his company, we'll give him plenty of chaase and coffee."

Lieutenant H. 33d N. C., is my authority for the following:

As we were marching into Pennsylvania, in 1863, Gen. Lee happened to pass by, when the following conversation took place between two soldiers.

1st Soldier. There goes old Mars Robert with ten rations of sense. Well, everybody can't be great, and I would be satisfied with one ration.

2nd Soldier. Why, Tom, one ration of sense would bust your head worse nor that old shell we dodged so from at Sharpsburg!

At the battle of the Wilderness, on the morning of the second day's fight, a portion of A. P. Hill's corps was forced to fall back in a very undignified hurry. A Brigadier General and a Lieutenant happened to be making excellent time in the same direction, the former on horse-back, and the latter on foot. It was nip and tuck for some minutes, but the undergrowth becoming thicker and thicker, the foot-man got ahead, and he made such a wide swath that the horse-man followed behind him. The balls were flying too thick around them to permit as free and pleasant an interchange of views and sentiments, as might have taken place under other circumstances. So soon, however, as a point was reached where the fire of our Northern brethren did not urge them so pressingly, the Lieutenant, who was a bit of a wag, turned and said to the Brigadier:

"General, how goes the fight?" The General, who was noted for his urbanity, raised his cap and courteously responded:

"We are driving them handsomely, Lieutenant, very handsomely, sir!"

While A. P. Hill's division was tearing up the B. and O. R. R. in the fall of 1862, Lane's brigade of that division was ordered further north than the other brigades,—in fact beyond Hedgesville—where a live reb was a curiosity. At this time, the Quartermasters had

not procured new clothing to take the place of the worn, tattered and ragged relics of the campaign into "My Maryland," and we were a set of ragamuffins—that's a fact. Tearing up rail-roads is not a very unpleasant business and we had enjoyed ourselves for about twenty-four hours, when Capt. K. of the 7th N. C. went to a house to get something cooked, and got into quite an interesting conversation with the good lady of the house.

Old Lady. You is an officer, isn't you?

Capt. K. Yes, madam, I am a captain in the 7th N. C. infantry.

Old Lady. (Triumphantly.)—Thar, now, Betsy Ann, I told you he was an officer. I kin tell an officer whenever I lays my two eyes on 'em. The officers, they has the seats of their breeches patched and the common soldiers, they doesn't!

On the night after the battle of "Jones' Farm," on the right of Petersburg, the troops that had been engaged, and driven the enemy back, were kept in line of battle, as the enemy still kept up a desultory fire; just enough to keep every one on the *qui vive* for a move forward. At this juncture, we heard some one riding rapidly toward our brigade, and every one was in expectancy.—We had no doubt it was the bearer of orders for us to move on the enemy. Every one was breathless. You could have almost heard a pin drop as the rider drew nearer and nearer. Soon we could see and recognize the rider, in the portly and unmistakable personage of General ——, who commanded a brigade in our division. Now we are convinced that we will have to encounter the enemy, for we had just heard that General —— was in temporary command of the division. But hush! Let us hear what he has to say. At the very top of his voice, in a very excited manner, he shouts—"Where is Lane's brigade?"—(By a hundred voices.) "Here." "Where is —— regiment?" Ans. "Here." "Where is Col. ——?" Ans. "Here." (Just audible) "Colonel, have you got anything to drink?"

Memphis, Tennessee, gives an anecdote of one of Forrest's men:

As old Bedford was noted for his coolness and bravery, it may not be amiss to tell of the grit of his men:

The day of the capture of Fort Pillow, Forrest sent Nealy's brigade to make a feint upon Memphis. Arriving at Raleigh, nine miles from town, Lieut. W. was sent out with six men to reconnoitre. After leaving the command some five miles, we came across a squad of seventeen Yankees, killed their captain, and put them to rout. We were so "stuck up" by our victory, that we concluded that we would take the town, and we pushed on for that purpose. When we had got within about a mile and a half of town, we met a force of three hundred Yankee cavalry. Our Lieutenant having been taught the bluff game by old Bedford, determined to show a bold front, and make at least, the pretence

of a fight. We found on taking to our heels that there were some swift fellows behind us. In making a short bend in the road, the horse of A. McC. was shot and fell. McC. thought that his best plan would be to "play 'possum" and pretend that he was dead. The foremost Yankees passed by, shouting, "here's your damned rebel."

"You are a pack of liars," said McC. to himself.

One who was behind, in the chase, stopped, and got down, but whether to play Butler, or good Samaritan, I don't know. If the former, he got hot lead instead of cold spoons, for McC. shot him, seized his horse, and by making a wide circuit, succeeded in rejoining his comrades, who had given him up as lost.

A member of the celebrated Pegram battery, who is now residing in Memphis, Tenn., gives an incident in the history of a comrade.

Henry C. Thompson, the son of a well-known citizen of Petersburg, Va., was a jolly, brave, generous, kind-hearted lad of some eighteen summers. His wit, imperturbable good humor and high toned qualities made him *the* favorite of the company. His songs and jokes enlivened the march and the camp-fire. His favorite, among all the patriotic songs, with which he cheered the dreary march and the gloomy bivouac, was "My Maryland." He sang it as though the air and words inspired him with a deeper love for that noble and down-trodden State.

On the way to Sharpsburg, he asked permission of his captain to act as No. 1 at his piece. Elated with the success of his application, he sang "My Maryland" for many miles before reaching the battle-ground. The battery was thrown into a position to enfilade an advancing column of Blue Coats, and terrible was the destruction it made. As the shells burst in their ranks, a stanza from the favorite song rose above the noise of the explosion. The Yankees seeing that the battery must be silenced at all hazards, concentrated many guns upon it from the opposite heights, and the fire became intolerable. Still Henry sang on lustily and cheerily "My Maryland!" The battery was at length ordered away. Henry then said to his captain, "I thank you for the privilege you have granted me. But, captain, 'run nigger, run, the patrol will catch you' seems to be a more popular air than 'My Maryland,' and I'll try my heels instead of my voice!" Poor Henry! he was killed at the blowing up of the mine at Petersburg in the summer of '64, when 22 of his comrades yielded up their lives for their country.

J. H. H.

We are indebted to our friend, Captain J. A. G., 27th N. C. regiment, for the next three anecdotes:

In November, 1862, Cooke's N. C. brigade, on the march to Fredericksburg, Virginia, passed by Hood's ever memorable Texas brigade, which was resting on the side of the road.

The cross fire of wit and rep-

artee, usual whenever two bodies of our troops met, ran high: neither party, however, getting much the advantage, till Major S. of the 46th North Carolina, whose ruddy face and aldermanic proportions might induce a casual observer to believe him a worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus, came riding along at the head of his regiment. A tall, ragged, bare-footed Texan stepping to the middle of the road just as he came up, eyed him a moment, and then sniffing the air two or three times, turned to his comrades and remarked. "Ah! boys, I'm ahead of you all now; a smell of that man is just as good as a drink at any time."

Among all the poor horses in the army of Northern Virginia, during the winter of 1864—5, few, if any, came nearer being literally skin and bones, than the one owned by the Adjutant of the 27th North Carolina regiment.—On one occasion, the Sergeant Major of this regiment, having to pass through the camp of Davis' Mississippi brigade, on this horse, was very much annoyed by the remarks made concerning both horse and rider. At last, when he had almost passed the last regiment, and was congratulating himself on being nearly out of their reach; one fellow rushed out of his tent, and called to him in a very earnest manner.

"Mister, mister, hold on a minute."

The Sergeant thinking, from the innocent look and earnest manner of the man, that he must have business with him, halted. The fellow coming up, inquired very innocently:

"Are you going to the tan-yard?"

"No," replied the Sergeant, "why do you ask that?"

"Oh, nothing," said the soldier, "only, I was going to advise you to take the bones out of that hide before you get there, or they won't receive it."

In the latter part of October, 1864, Grant made one of his many movements to try and turn our right or extend his lines further, so as to compel us to lengthen out our line which was already very thin. Among the troops sent to oppose him, was Cooke's N. C. brigade, which had just received a lot of raw recruits a few days before, who had never yet heard the rattle of the musketry. When this brigade reached the place assigned it, the Yankee sharpshooters were within fifty or seventy-five yards of the works, safely ensconced behind trees, and made it quite unpleasant for any man to raise his head above the level of the works.

The General soon ordered out our sharpshooters to dislodge them. As they mounted the works and started forward, the raw recruits looked at them in perfect surprise.

Pretty soon one fellow, fresh from home, turned to another of the same sort and inquired—"Where in the world do you reckon those fellows were going?"

"Oh! I don't know," says the other, "without they are going to get round those Yanks and

drive them up so that we can catch 'em."

An officer of the 5th Texas, sends us from Kentucky, the two anecdotes below:

The gallant Captain F. of the 5th Texas infantry, was hit in the groin by a spent ball, at the battle of the Wilderness, while his boys were hotly engaged with the enemy, and so severe was the shock, that it brought the gallant Captain to the ground. Your correspondent was at the time, a courier to General Gregg, commanding the Texans, and very soon after the Captain's fall, was ordered, by General G., to direct the 5th Texas to fall back, as the enemy was overpowering us.—On reaching the 5th Texas, knowing Captain F. to be a senior officer, and acting field officer, I endeavored to find out from him at what point I could find the Lieutenant Colonel commanding. The Captain could give me no information, but immediately beset me with entreaties to allow him to have my horse, in order that he might get off the field, and avoid capture. Explaining to him that I had orders of importance, that needed dispatch, and that I could not give up my horse, I went down the line. The boys fell back immediately after, and when out of danger, and in reforming, lo and behold, whom should I see in all the vigor of activity, but the mortally wounded, or at least intended victim of Camp Chase, my friend Captain F.

"Halloo, Capt." says I—"I see you are not captured."

"No, Bob, by gar, I'll tell you how it was. It was a spent ball that hit me, but it felt so much like a cannon ball, that I thought my leg was carried away—and I thought so strongly, that I laid there until the boys had fallen back a hundred yards, when seeing the Yanks coming, I concluded *just to try* my leg, and by gar, Bob, for four hundred yards, I run like a deer—and here I am."

A braver man than old D. C—Texas never sent to the field.

The law, authorizing Quartermasters to impress articles actually indispensable, was often abused. This was so well-known that "pressing," in the common language of the soldiers, meant taking without leave, in other words, stealing.

During Gen. Lee's first invasion of Yankee territory, and especially when "the boys in grey" were marching through "My Maryland," the contact between our soldiers and the civilians along the line of march, gave occasion to many amusing anecdotes. One in particular will I favor the "Haversack" with. While "the boys" were passing through Hagerstown, Maryland, as was to be expected, they scattered no little in search of good rations and stores, at which to spend their evenings. Among those who were specially in need of a good article of Northern made cavalry boots, was a rebel Sambo, chief cook and head waiter of Capt. S.'s mess.—Entering a large dry goods establishment, where clerks and merchants were busy in selling off to a crowd of ragged rebs, Sambo called for "a par of ca-val-ry

boots." The merchant laid before his ebony customer a lot of fine cavalry boots, from which to select. Sambo suited himself and asked the price. "Ten dollars," responded the vendor. Diving down into a capacious pocket, Sambo brought to light a dirty and greasy roll of "promises to pay" by the Government so-called, very innocently laid down a ten dollar bill to the merchant.

"We don't take that kind of money here, it ain't current."

"Current? Boss," says Sambo, with rolling and wonder-struck eyes, "why, sar, dat am good in de Federcy—no body down dar 'fuses to hab it."

"Can't help it, it ain't good here," replied the resolute vendor.

Sambo eyed the man, then looked at his boots, then again at the man, then at his boots, and on a sudden, when merchant's eye was turned for a moment, he grabbed his ten dollar bill from the counter, slung the boots over his shoulder, and 'midst the roar and yells of the purchasing rebs, made fast strides for the door, with the exclamation, "*well, Boss, I presses dese here boots!*"

Natchez, Mississippi, tells us what opinion the cavalry had of walking:

At General Gray's Head-quarters, in the Trans-Mississippi Department, during the year 1864, was an orderly who belonged to the 28th Louisiana infantry, and having been detailed as courier, at Brigade Head-quarters, was mounted and made to feel, very sensibly, the difference between a "Butter-milk Ranger," and a "Web-foot," in point of comfort. One day, while a lot of his regimental acquaintances were to see him, they began to talk of what branch of the service each one would prefer, in case they had to "do it over again." One said he would like to be an artillery-man, another, a cavalry-man, and another said he'd stick to the infantry.

"Well, boys," said our courier, with considerable warmth as though he meant what he said: "I would'nt be Jeff Davis if there was walking in it." J. N. J.

Independence, Missouri, gives us a new version of an old story:

MORGAN FORAGING. — Some six miles from Batavia, a little town in Ohio, General Morgan's command passed a small house, whose master rejoiced in the possession of a flock of geese, headed by a sturdy old gander, of most dignified demeanor. The house stood near the road, and the wood pile lay immediately in front of the house beside the gate. As we passed, an old woman with specks on her head, and knitting in her hand, stood in the gateway, and the geese (most of them—including the gander) on one foot each among the chips of the wood pile, all gazing with stupid curiosity at the passing rebel soldiers.

Young L., of the Texans, had helped himself at the last town to some fishing hooks and lines (what was it a soldier wouldn't take?) with red corks—we've all seen them. Begging a few grains of corn from a comrade, he fastened one on a hook, and after throw-

ing the balance of the corn to them, he pitched this grain at the old gander, who gathered it up in hot haste. To wrap the line around the pummel of his saddle, stick spurs to his horse, and gallop gaily away, was the work of an instant. The gander followed with flopping wings, and a th—oo! th—oo!—ing expression of great indignation, and in turn, was followed by the laughter of the entire command, who saw the manœuvre. The old woman having her specks on her head, couldn't see the line, and (simple-minded creature!) took it into her head that L. was *running from* the gander. So, to allay his supposed fear, she rushed into the road, held her knitting high above her head, and increased the fun immensely by shouting, "Don't run, mister! Don't run! He won't hurt you! He won't hurt you!"

But L. lost his gander; for the line gave way, and the old fellow, after having cleared seventy-five or more yards in less than a half dozen skips, rolled over among the tall grass by the road side, and when we left him, he was flat on his back, his bill extended, a yard or so of the line protruding from his throat, a mild, but still indignant thoo!—thoo! could be heard, and his webbed feet slowly beat the air as clouds of dust settled upon, around, and about him, and the cruel remarks, gibes, jeers, and laughter of the passing soldiers, but added an additional ludicrousness to his already pitiable, but laughable condition. N. W.

NOTES ON THE MONTH.

Foreign Glimpses; Home Politics; Everyday Matters.

FOREIGN GLIMPSES.—European politics seem as much in a muddle as our own. The dark cloud that lowered on the horizon of Europe is temporarily dissipated by the prompt action of the French Emperor, its acceptance by Italy and its sullen endorsement by the Great Powers. The war would not merely have been one for boundaries—erasing old land marks in a re-distribution of the balance of power. The bitter elements of religion would have been mixed with those of policy and politics—adding a glare of fanaticism to the smouldering fires of sectional hate.

The war would have been short, perhaps; it would have been sharp as decisive. For we could scarce expect the scenes of the "Seven Days' War"—a test of the needle-gun against smooth bores—re-enacted in a trial between the improved needle-gun and the *chassepot*.

The civilized world should raise a *Te Deum* that Europe was not drenched with a strife more terrible than the century has yet seen; that the plains of Rome

did not resound with a cannonade, the concusssion of which would have shaken the remote thrones of the old world, while its echoes rumbled in the very heart of the American money market.

The decision of Napoleon, in sending French bayonets to prick the memory of Victor Emanuel—the very move deprecated as likely to precipitate war—has alone prevented it so far.

What result the postponement, and final refusal of a European Congress may have, it is hard to say; but the move towards strengthening the French army "as a surer means of preserving the peace of Europe;" and the strengthening the Roman contingent, by 20,000 men, looks like war. The recent changes of the Italian Ministry; the indignant notes of General Manabrea and the rumors of great commotion among the Italian people — who really don't care who governs them—mean little as to its final solution. But they all tend to show that the newly fledged Kingdom of Italy cannot walk in the straight-forward paths of Diplomacy, without support from the iron hand in the velvet glove that first placed it in the company of the Great Powers.

The rapidly failing health of the Pope may tend to solve the question. The very complications arising on his death would demand a vigorous policy from all Europe, where they cannot touch the present question.

LONDON filled two months earlier than usual, for the meeting of Parliament, demanded by the Fenian excitement, and the Abyssinian war: and the whirl of an ante-Christmas season was chronicled in our foreign files by *fetes* from Big-Wigs of one degree to Big-Wigs of another.

The Fenian executions at Manchester threatened terrible outbreaks. The three condemned, had a strong hold upon their people, and the strong influence brought to bear upon the Queen, and failing in pardon or reprieve, has made the hatred to the Government bitter and outspoken.—In England, it has kept a large regular force on the alert; and the bold—if ill considered and reckless—attempt to blow up Clerken well prison shows the necessity for them.

In Ireland, many a new volunteer to the Fenian ranks, and the huge funeral demonstrations in Cork and Dublin show how deep-seated is this feeling. And its echoes are grim and vengeful on this side, showing what the spirit would work, were not the power wanting.

The Abyssinian Expedition we consider important enough to consider at length, elsewhere in this number.

Among the most note-worthy points of the Session was the march of Democracy. Mr. D'Israeli's "Household Suffrage Bill," and the strong language in which he defended it, was a huge stride towards Reform; and he has even cut in before John Bright, and taken the wind out of the sails of that ponderous vessel of Reform. Clear-headed and keen-sighted beyond his compeers, Mr. D'Israeli never ventilates a measure till the country is ripe for it; and his bold

championship of so sweeping a change, is the best proof of the need for it.

The vexed question of "Alabama" claims was again brought up, and the correspondence asked for, but we see little reason to believe the United States will be satisfied now any more than a year since. The Confederate Bondholders, too, have now high legal authority for believing their claims can be regarded as an offset in case of allowance of the claim.

It may be interesting to our readers to note that the Grecian Steamer, "*Bonboulina*," whose late explosion was fatal to some 40 out of 70 persons on board, was the well known Blockade runner, "Colonel Lamb." She was an old acquaintance of the Wilmington people, and had just been sold and armed for the Greek Government.

Parliament has just adjourned till the 15th of February, and the members have scattered in all directions for their Christmas country frolics; but grim visaged war and the very wrinkled front of the Fenians have not kept London from enjoying itself. The barring of Her Majesty's Theatre was a blow to the pleasure lovers. It was about the oldest and most fashionable London theatre; and Miss Kellogg—the American Prima-Donna—had just made so great a success there as to warrant the sorrow for the loss of the rest of her engagement.

PARIS is gay and brilliant on the surface, though she has somewhat quieted down since the Exposition. Thousands of strangers linger after the great exodus; the meeting of the *Corps Legislatif* keeps them on the *qui vive;* the boulevards are full and the shops glitter. Paris is gay and brilliant superficially, but under the bright crust the political lava is seething and bubbling with a vigor that threatens to burst through. Telegrams and a well tutored French press tell us France is tranquil. The Emperor in his late speech congratulated himself, France and the world in general, on the perfect peace and good will to all men existing there. And yet the populace are in a state of almost open disaffection—are ready to don the red cap and sweep the broad avenues of "Strategic Paris" with a new *carmagnole.* Only the iron hand, prompt to direct the schemes of the subtle head, can wave back the storm muttering hoarse and near, and with a hundred thousand unemployed operatives clamoring for bread, such scenes as lately threatened open riot at the cemetery of Montmartre show how enclosing that firm grasp must be. In the country departments, the admirable distribution of the government officials, their patronage and a muzzled press secure a representation sufficient to make a majority in the *Corps Legislatif;* but it is a significant fact that Imperial Paris—with all the machinery that can be brought to bear—returns a city representation almost unanimous on the opposition.

If a greater King than the Nephew of his Uncle were to stiffen that iron hand, there is scarce a doubt that forty-eight hours would see the Napoleon family in

flight from Paris—three eager contestants grappling for the crown and the mad carnival of revolution in full height of frenzied revel.

PRUSSIA sits tranquil, but watchful, in the easy seat she has made herself. Suddenly raised—less by the needle-gun than by the astute aggression of Bismarck—from a second-rate power to perhaps the first in Europe, she hesitated long before throwing her new influence against the general conference of European Powers. Five years since had Napoleon invited the Kings to meet him in Congress, the Kings had not dared to refuse. To-day they coquet before they accept; some ask explanations, as Prussia did—and finally all decline. Until the last war there is little doubt the balance of power rested in France. There is still less now that it has gone over the frontier.

On the last day of the last month there was a large meeting at Berlin on the much vexed question of United States finances.—Of course it ran into political channels, when U. S. Minister Fay attacked Thad. Stevens, denounced him as a demagogue and repudiator, and denied that his views were those of the American people.

AUSTRIA, breathless and crippled afted her fierce wrestle and violent fall, still lifts her voice in the chorus of the great. Representing a government, not a nationality, her sole influence lies in the necessity to Europe of keeping her intact. Partitioned and distributed among the other powers, her people could have no less voice in the inspirations of their rulers ;—their dismemberment would cause constant complications and endless wars. So Baron Von Beust goes for secret conference to England, flashes back to visit the French Emperor—and lo! Austria accepts the Conference! But the court circle of Vienna is little troubled with weightier matters than fêtes and fashion, and whirls along in that brilliant elegance that makes the city the rival of Paris. One of the oddest humors of their season is a secret society, sworn to wage war on ladies' trains, each member binds himself to tread upon each and every train he encounters in the street with sufficient force to tear it. If apologies are useless and the indignant lady demands legal damages, the society is responsible for the same.

IN ST. PETERSBURG, the Russian Bear is quietly sucking his paws and blinking in a red-eyed way at the rest of Europe. He is strengthening his internal resources, however; building railways, examining improvements in small arms and cannon, and improving his naval armament. A gentleman direct from Russia informs us that many Confederates are there employed, more than one of them doing well and standing high in the estimation of the government.

TURKEY, meanwhile, is in a lethargic state from which the rest of Europe does not care to wake her; being profoundly indifferent whether she smokes opium at home, or makes war on her Christian subjects in Crete.

EVERY DAY MATTERS.—But

while our Southern people are still saddened by memories of the past, and shadowed by the dark clouds of the future, the whole North has resounded with merry-makings and amusement.

Godly Boston, the holy hub whence the spokes of a far inferior universe radiate, has begun to replace sack-cloth with fine linen, dirt-secreting brown with purple, and in a measure to don the cap and bells, and take the initiatory steps of a merry *can-can*. Boston has ever been a fair smooth rind, with a very rotten core. She has ever covered with a thin layer of somewhat obtrusive virtue, a middle stratum of wild dissipation, and a substratum of bold debauchery; it was necessary to know her well to appreciate this. Of late years, the city of the Common has taken to even superficial frivolties. She has permitted her daughters to go out of their own houses and give crowed and gay balls at "Papanti's Hall;" she has even allowed them to dance the "German" thereat, and has taken a long and alterative dose of the "Black Crook!"

But it has been reserved for the last month to see the dignified and exemplary town go into a wild saturnalia of flunkeyism, and lick with super-spaniel servility, the foot that administered the soundest kicking to America and her "representative" society.

This is not the place to speak of Mr. Dickens, and his assaults on America. That they were in many instances bitterly true, and for that reason only the more libelous; that he chose the most flagrant cases of grossness and absurdity that came under his view — we propose hereafter to show *in extenso*. But it is beyond doubt true, that a perfect howl of indignation rose from the nation still writhing under his cruel lash; and no where was the howl louder, or more prolonged — bigger with threats of future vengeance or breathing more sleepless vigilance against future in-roads of Cockney barbarians—than round the classic purlieus of Boston Common. The very shaft of Bunker Hill would have straightened into more indignant erectness had it been able.

Mr. Dickens arrived in Boston last month. At the first notice of his coming to this country, Boston was agitated to its very frog-pond. Its press, its citizens, and its representative publishing-house repudiated the base slander that Mr. Dickens *could* read first in any other city; and the hints of the New York press to that effect were proven equally false and malicious. Then came the news of the farewell dinner London gave her pet literary child. Every course of that dinner was sniffed from afar by the dilated nostrils of our Athens. Every word over the wine was treasured up as the very myrrh of eloquence and spikenard of wisdom. Every crumb swept from that feast of reason was treasured as precious flavoring for an inflated batter of pudding of editorial, served up with the richest of flunkey sauce.

Glances at her journals, however, do not convince us that the march of morals is as rapid in New England as the march of pedestrianism. Murders, whiskey

riots, divorces and a black catalogue of nameless evils fill their columns, and lead us to suspect the increase of her spiritual has been in inverse ratio to that of her material wealth. She sends much sympathy and even a few dollars to Crete; she gives the South, in its dire need, homilies, tracts, many kicks and very few half pence. She sends missionaries abroad, who might advantageously work at home; and, closing her eyes to the abuses at her own door, cries aloud the exceeding sinfulness of the man opposite. She nevertheless makes some very good books and numberless indifferent shoes—both of which products penetrate into the South; and she manufactures Virgin "marms" for our miscegene schools and worthy Head-Centres for the fetid lodges of our Loyal Leagues.

Occasionally we are reminded of the old days, before New England went mad over the negro and the greenback, by the silent fall of one of the old oaks, standing as landmarks of the past. The recent sudden death of Fitz Green Halleck, at Guilford, Conn., is another punctuation on that page of respectable letters that must soon reach its final period.

Hawthorne—genial, learned and true—lately went quietly to sleep. Now Halleck is laid beside him.

How few are left!

A welcome visitor wherever his works came, the poet has left many friends who never saw his face, and would quote his own simple lines commencing,

"Green grow the turf above thee!"

EDITORIAL.

The article on Steam Ploughing is from the pen of our old friend, Maj. General J. G. Walker, formerly of the Southern army. He is now living at Decatur, Illinois, and as the Agent of Fowler's celebrated plough is prepared to supply purchasers.

Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, is frequently called Bull Run Wilson. This does the Hon. gentleman great injustice. He had charge of the champagne, the pies and the fried chickens at Centreville. People got hurt at Bull Run, and it was his *mission* (to use the cant phrase of the philanthropists) to send other men to Bull Run and to keep away himself. We have the best evidence that the Honorable Senator had as little acquaintance with a battle-field as had the Southern historians of the war, or even as had Maj. General Butler himself.

"One star differeth from another star in glory," says the great Apostle to the Gentiles. Of the myriads of luminaries in the stellar system, each differeth from all the rest in lustre, density, magnitude and all other properties,

which the telescope can detect, and mathematics can demonstrate. If we come to the solar system, the differences are more marked, because better known. Each planet differs from all others in period of revolution, of rotation on axis, in distance from the sun, in number of satellites, in specific gravity, shape, size, color, &c., &c. If we come to our own earth, no where can we find perfect equality and absolute sameness. Its surface is corrugated with mountains and hills, with the corresponding wrinkles of valleys and hollows. A level plain can be found no where on our globe. A right line exists no where in nature. Roughness, inequality, crookedness meets us on all sides. The perfectly smooth, and the perfectly straight are in the brain of the Utopian dreamer, and only there. If we should go to one of the vast forests of South America, we would find no two trees exactly alike in height, diameter, depth and size of roots, number of limbs, texture of bark, &c., &c. And if it were possible to compare all the infinite number of leaves, with each other, no two would so closely resemble as not to have very many points of difference. We look in vain for a counterpart for the pebble under our feet, the clod of the valley, or the molecular atom of dust.

Science refers to the level of the Ocean; and probably, the surface of the great deep affords the nearest example of the "dead level"—practical equality. But it is not there. The general configuration is spherical, and this is evident to the naked eye, even though its surface is roughened by great and little swells, from "waves running mountains high" to the little wavelet "that dies along the shore." In its vast recesses, there is an innumerable variety of fish from the great whale to the little sardine, and yet amidst the billions and trillions that live, and sport, and die there, no two can be found precisely equal in all respects, even though of the same species.

So we see that there is no equality, no sameness, no perfect identity between any two objects in the heavens above, in the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. In the animal kingdom, in the vegetable, in the mineral, each individual is perfectly distinct from all others on the globe. The wildest fanatic will not contend that there is physical equality in the human race or that even twin brothers could be found who had not a hundred points of difference; in height, weight, color of the hair, of the eyes, expression of countenance, size and shape of features, size and shape of fingers, of finger-nails, of limbs of body, of feet, of toes, &c., &c. The mental faculties and the moral qualities of these twins would be found to be still more diverse.—Where then can equality be found?

God's law of inequality is written upon air and earth and water, upon sand and rock, hill and plain, mountain and valley, river, lake and ocean; upon everything that lives, moves and has being. We find it in society, where social distinctions exist. We find it in the Church, where equality might be expected if on earth at all, but

where Paul tells us that there are "first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." There is the same law of inequality in Heaven. John saw in his vision some with crowns and some without crowns, some seated on thrones and some not seated on thrones. The vast hosts of rejoicing spirits were divided, too, into three distinct classes, angels, elders, and living creatures. Our Saviour taught the same thing in the Parable of the Pounds where one is made ruler over ten cities and another over five. Paul speaks of thrones, dominions, principalities and powers. Peter speaks of angels, authorities and powers. There is no more equality in Heaven than there is on earth. The God of nature is the God of Heaven, and He delights in diversity.

Where then is equality? Mr. Wilson answers with a clap-trap phrase, "all men must be equal before the law." What superlative nonsense! Do all men pay equal taxes before the law? Are all men equally protected by the law? Do all men equally obey and respect the law? For what then are jails and court-houses and penitentiaries built? Why is it necessary to erect the gallows? Why are "reconstruction acts" necessary? Why have we one law for the loyal North and another for the rebel South? Why is there a tax upon Southern cotton and a bounty upon New-England fish? What is the meaning of a tax upon tobacco and a tariff for the benefit of the Northern manufacturer? Why are there bounties for the shipping interest of the East, while the broken levees of the West make a marsh and a wilderness of the finest sugar and cotton lands in the world? Where is this equality before the law or under the law? Does it exist there any more than in Nature? Ah, the right honorable gentleman simply means that the negro must be equal before the law to any malignant fanatic, in the right of voting for the party of hate and ruin.

If equality exists anywhere, it ought to be found among the "truly loyal" representatives of "the party of great moral ideas." Let us see whether it can be found there. Is any one in that Honorable Body 'equal' to the Hon. Mr. Wade in outlandish blasphemy? Is any one there 'equal' to the old Thug in black-hearted malignity? Is any one there 'equal' in ignorance to the Hon. Mr. Bingham? Is any one there 'equal' to Major General Butler, U. S. A., in an æsthetic taste for spoons. Is any one there 'equal' to Gen. Schenck in devising new methods of military reconnoissance? Will the Hon. Mr. Sumner contend that all wives are 'equal' in their devotion to their lords? Will the Hon. Mr. Wilson contend that all the spectators at Centreville retired at an 'equal' pace? Is there a single member of that honorable body of gentlemen, christians and scholars, 'equal' to the Hon. Mr. Ashley in persecuting zeal against the President? Will any one maintain that there ever existed a

party, which has been 'equal' to the party of great moral ideas in the blood it has poured out, in the treasure it has squandered, and in the devastation it has wrought? Some of this moral-idea party may modestly pretend that their kindred spirits, the Jacobins of France, did an 'equal' share of mischief in as short a time. But this self-sacrificing diffidence cannot be admitted. The ruin caused by the Jacobins was not so thorough, so sweeping, and so wide-spread.

So we see that the vaunted equality does not exist even among those who proclaim it.—At the risk, too, of being considered sectional, exclusive and boastful of Dixie, we proudly profess the belief that no Post-Office officials in the world are 'equal' to those in the Confederate States, so-called, in the expertness with which they can abstract currency from other people's letters. Don't call this a rebellious boast for Dixie. We are extolling now the loyal men thereof, the truly loyal, the unmistakable Simon Pures of the iron-clad oath, and therefore our vaunting is in itself an evidence of loyalty!

If there is any truth more evident to the thinking mind than another, it is that the moral universe, and the physical are under the same Governor—that the God of the bible is the God of nature. All the operations of nature are in harmony with revelation.—When, therefore, we could find no two spires of grass exactly equal, no two molecules of dust exactly equal, and no two atoms of water exactly equal, we might have known *a priori* that the bible would give us the same lesson of inequality. And upon opening its sacred pages we learn, as we have seen, that there is no equality among holy men on earth, and none among angels and saints in heaven. We learn from the same inspired source, that there are orders and distinctions in hell itself. Satan is ruler there, and we doubt not, that the leaders of the party of great moral ideas will have important commands under him.—His besetting sin is pride, and not ingratitude, and we have a better opinion of him, than to think that he would neglect his best friends, and most useful and important allies.

Oh, ye hypocrites! prating about equality, when there is none even in your own den of thieves! Oh, ye Pharisees! imposing burdens upon the South, which ye will not touch with one of your loyal fingers! Oh, ye whited sepulchres! canting about equality before the law, when ye, yourselves have made the law unequal everywhere! How long will the land be polluted with your hypocrisy, your malignity, your knavery, and your stealing?

The friends of the Union *and* the Constitution say that the Radical rebels have no right to call themselves "the party of great moral ideas." This is a mistake, they have that right. Almost every newspaper that we open tells of the bestiality, bigamy, seduction and adultery practiced by some Reverend Radical Rascal, Kalloch or Howe or Dunbar.—So every mail brings us an ac-